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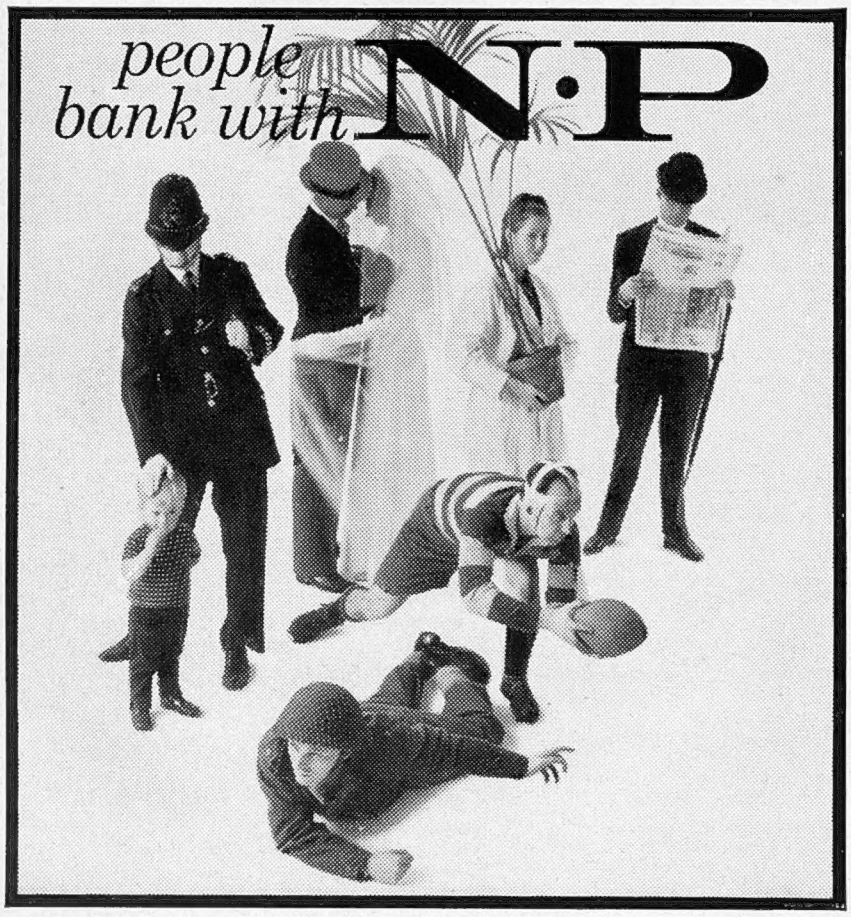

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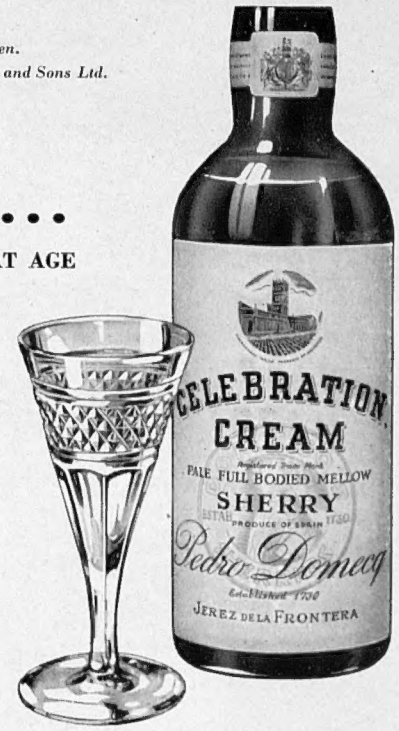

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Volume CCLVI No. 3324 LONDON, February 15, 1964

THE SPHERE

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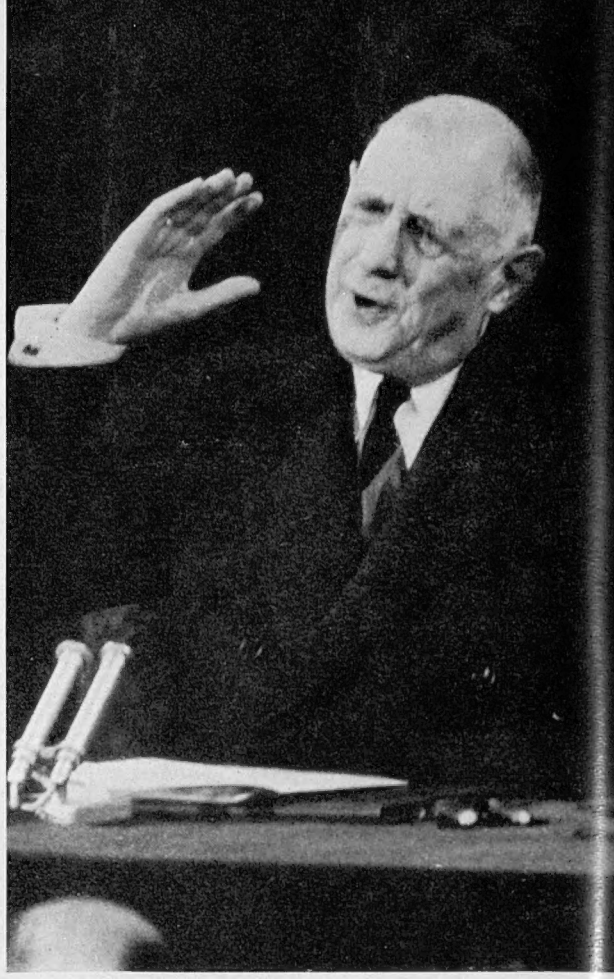
PRESIDENT AND PREMIER

Two leaders of the West were to talk in Washington this week about the world's crisis-spots—Cyprus, Cuba, South East Asia—and about the prospect of disarmament negotiations with Russia. America's President Johnson (seen in New York earlier this month) was also expected to touch on the delicate matter of British buses for Cuba during his conversations with Britain's Sir Alec Douglas-Home, seen right as he left London Airport with Lady Home, who is accompanying him on his American trip. Before going to Washington Sir Alec arranged two days of talks in Ottawa with Mr Lester Pearson, Canada's Prime Minister

DE GAULLE LOOKS EAST



The name Indo-China has become obsolete in recent years. We read about Laos, Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, and so on. But the concept of Indo-China remains real and has been underlined recently by a change of leaders in South Vietnam and in particular by a Press conference at which General de Gaulle directed attention to the continuing problems of this particular area.

Indo-China has for 2,000 years been the meeting ground, or marchland between India and China—hence its name. Now it is a meeting-point between the two great opposites, Communist China and the United States of America—hence its importance.

Indo-China is a long, narrow area about 1,000 miles from north to south and as little as 125 miles at some points from east to west. It has a long coastline down its whole length on the South China Sea and confronts China in the north. In its remote past there was Indian penetration, then Chinese penetration and later Indonesian under Chinese influence. Although from the beginning of our era conquests and reconqests recurred, the main influence—both Indian and Chinese—was indirect. It has been described as commercial and religious colonisation.

The European penetration began much later, in the 17th century, and was also headed by traders and missionaries. Inevitably, the European colonisation prevailed, and Indo-China was a French colony from the turn of the century to 1940, when the defeat of France let the Japanese in.

When France resumed authority after the war, nationalism and communism, sometimes in unison, sometimes in conflict, made it impossible for any European colonial power to maintain authority. The final struggle came in Vietnam, the narrow eastern strip down the coastline of the South China Sea. Here the Chinese supported the communists in the northern half in a determined bid to oust the French and gain control of the whole country.

The precarious balance

South Vietnam was saved by the Geneva agreement of 1954 (negotiated largely by the efforts of Sir Anthony Eden as he then was) and since then the balance has been precariously kept by a three-power commission (Polish-Canadian-Indian) and by American support for South Vietnam, which in effect amounts to a guarantee as long as they do not let the communists in from the north.

Guerrilla fighting goes on, organised by the North Vietnamese communist regime, but it is not—at least directly—supported by Communist China, which has honoured the 1954 agreement and knows in any case that to intervene openly in this area would be to risk war with America. Incidentally, the Chinese, who freely accused the Russians of capitulating to capitalism when they drew back from the Cuba confrontation, have been careful to avoid brinkmanship in South-East Asia—or in Formosa.

The changes of control in Vietnam have disturbed the Americans because they fear that internal quarrels inside the leadership will divert energies from the real task of throwing back the communists. There is indeed a danger that the long-suffering population, mainly peasants, are becoming apathetic and may say " A plague on both your houses." This sort of situation creates fertile ground for communist infiltration.

Although serious fighting is at present confined to Vietnam, none of the other independent states which make up the rest of Indo-China can be regarded as wholly stable. The people understandably want to get on with their task of earning a livelihood, without ideologies, colonialism, anti-colonialism, or any other sort of -ism, but they are balanced precariously on the edge of the Chinese empire.

When, therefore, General de Gaulle said that the only solution for this area of the world was neutralism, and that neutrality can only

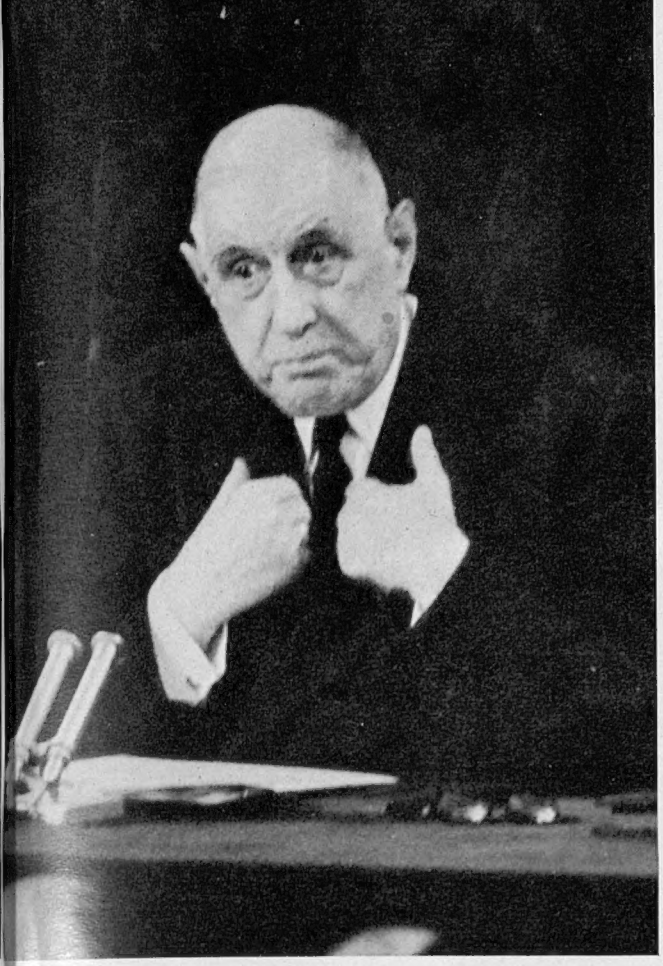
be achieved in co-operation with China, he was making a great deal of sense. There is, however, rather more to it than this.

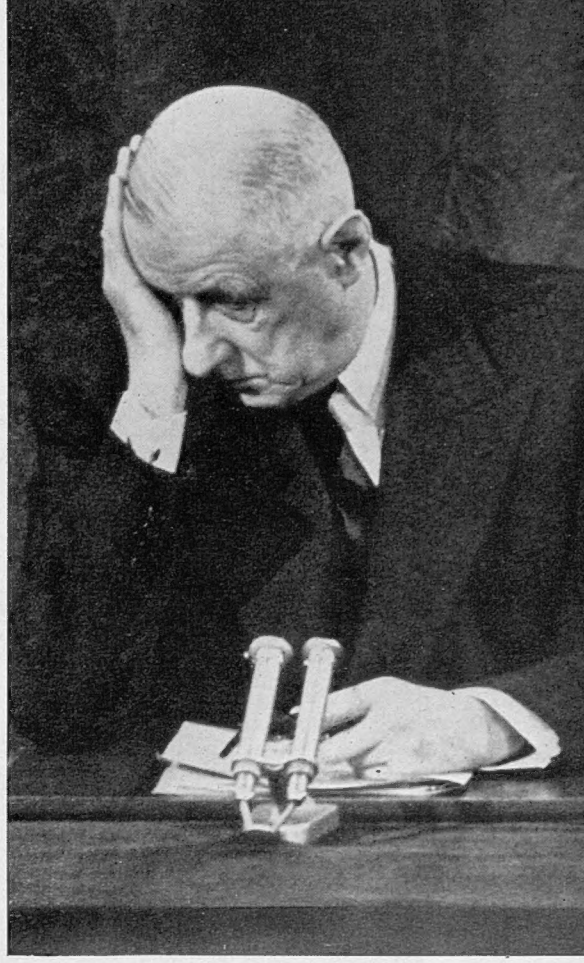
General de Gaulle coupled his remarks about Indo-China with the confirmation of his recognition of China. The Americans have made no secret of their disapproval of the timing of this action. They look back at the recent evidence of Chinese aggressiveness—especially in India—and disapprove of any action which could be seen as a reward for aggression.

Since the departure of the French from Indo-China, the Americans have followed a policy of containment of communism, by assisting governments which are prepared to resist it, and, in the last resort, deploying their own military power in the background. It has been an expensive and not always efficient policy, but it has so far worked, because the Chinese communists recognise the reality of American military power. Neutralism is not a word the Americans like in such a context, and it raises serious problems.

Assuming that Communist China will not risk a head-on clash with the United States, there is still the danger that local communists within the Chinese orbit may not be under control. The leader of the North Vietnamese communist regime, Ho Chi-Minh, is one of the most extreme and intransigent communists in the world. To him a neutralised Vietnam would simply mean the take-over of South Vietnam by his own communist regime. Even if the Chinese communists were prepared to be more compromising, they could scarcely restrain Ho Chi-Minh by force.

Thus, while it is true that neutralisation





is probably the best solution for Indo-China (and the whole of South-East Asia, including Indonesia) and that this cannot be achieved without the co-operation of Communist China, it is difficult to see how, in practice, it can be achieved with or without Chinese co-operation.

In the great age of French expansion, under Louis XIV, the French began to penetrate Indo-China in order to use it as a means of access to the remote and isolated Chinese Empire. There is an odd parallel today, which may owe something to General de Gaulle's great sense of history. But the circumstances are very different. China may not have changed its historical role, but the American presence is a new factor which cannot be overlooked.

George Gretton

Above: Headed by M Francois Benard (extreme right), a French Parliamentary delegation is received in Pekin by China's veteran communist leader Mao Tse-tung

Far left: Smiles from members of the French Government, prompted by a reporter's question at General de Gaulle's Press conference, at which he spoke of France's recognition of Communist China. Left to right, Messrs Messmer, Palewski, Malraux, Pompidou and Jacquinot

Top: Four faces of de Gaulle—caught by the camera at his recent Press conference

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Top dog at Cruft's

At Cruft's Dog Show, the Supreme Championship was won by an English Setter, Silbury Soames of Madavale, seen with his owner, Mrs Ada Williams, and the trophy he won. This year's champion was runner-up at Cruft's last year and in 1961. He was Dog of the Year last year and has won about 80 different awards

Mr Macmillan retires at 70

After 40 years in the House of Commons, Mr Harold Macmillan announced on Monday—his 70th birthday—that he was retiring from Parliament. He would not seek re-election as MP for Bromley where he had a 15,452 majority in the 1959 election. Mr Macmillan was Prime Minister from 1957-63

Spring wedding for Princess Irene

Princess Irene, of the Netherlands, announced her engagement at the weekend to Prince Carlos Hugo Bourbon Parma, eldest son of the Carlist Pretender to the Spanish throne. The Princess and her fiance (left) are pictured at Madrid Airport with Prince Bernhard, the Princess's father. Her earlier reluctance to return from Spain, coupled with speculation about her engagement, led to a crisis in Holland. The young couple plan a wedding in April or early in May

More cars via Calais

The President of the Calais Chamber of Commerce, M Le Sourd, meets Mr G. Nott, of Townsend Bros. Ferries Ltd. to sign an agreement for the construction of a second car ferry terminal berth at Calais

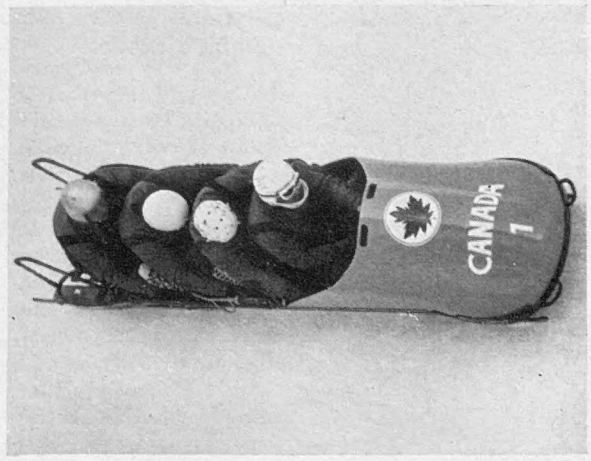
A visit to the Queen Mother

Viscount Linley, 2-year-old son of Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon, leaves the King Edward VII hospital having seen his grandmother who is recovering there from an operation for appendicitis. She was visited later that day by Princess Alexandra and Mr Angus Ogilvy. The Queen and Princess Margaret had visited their mother earlier last week

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Further Malta talks in London
The Prime Minister of Malta, Dr Borg Olivier, (left) is greeted at London Airport by Colonel Courtney for the British Government. He had come for talks on Malta's Constitution. The present date of Malta's Independence is May 31 this year

The Beatles in transit for the USA
Having stirred Paris with their new pop singing, the Beatles group from Liverpool are now receiving a screaming welcome from hordes of fans in the United States



British troops in Cyprus
Armoured cars of the 16th Parachute Brigade enter the village of Ayios Sozomenos, 14 miles south of Nicosia, after fighting had broken out there between Greek and Turkish Cypriots. Meanwhile, Archbishop Makarios was resisting British efforts to introduce a Nato rather than UN truce force. The US Embassy in Nicosia decided to evacuate non-essential staff; and Mr Khrushchev charged Britain with trying to crush Cyprus's neutrality

Canadian bobsleigh victory
Canada's No. 1 four-man bobsleigh team hurtles down the chute at Igls, in the 1964 Winter Olympics. The team went on to win Canada's first Gold Medal of the Games. Second place in the event was won by the Austrian team, with an Italian team third. From front to rear in the bobsleigh are Victor Emery, Douglas Anakin, John Emery and Peter Kirby

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

228 **Helicopter air-lift helps the CEGB**

The Central Electricity Generating Board are building a series of 114 towers for a supergrid transmission line between Lydd, Kent and Ninfield, Sussex. As the erection work has to be completed quickly, much of it on marshy ground where access by road is difficult, helicopters are being hired at £1,700 a month to lift steel and concrete from central depots to the building sites

British medal for Valentina

Mrs Valentina Nicolayeva-Tereshkova, the Russian cosmonaut, shows the British Interplanetary Society's gold medal to guests at the Society's dinner in London. Standing next to her is Dr L. R. Shepherd, the Society's President, who had just presented her with the medal to mark her achievement as the first woman in space. Applauding warmly next to Dr Shepherd is the Russian Ambassador Mr Aleksander Soldatov

Mr Butler at Hamlet's castle

On a goodwill trip to Denmark, Mr R. A. Butler visits Kronborg Castle, once the home of Hamlet. The Foreign Secretary was received by Colonel Gabel-Jørgensen, a court official. While in Denmark, Mr Butler had talks with King Frederik, Mr J. O. Krag, the Danish Prime Minister, and Mr Per Hækkerup, the Foreign Minister

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Princess Royal meets the dancers
At the Gala Concert held at St. James's Palace, London, to celebrate the 16th Anniversary of Ceylon's Independence, the Princess Royal meets some of the dancers in the show. (See also page 236.)

Archbishop at Church Army rally
The Archbishop of York (right) enjoys a platform joke with the Bishop of Willesden and the Mayor of Wembley at a Church Army rally held at Wembley's Town Hall

Canadian Art at the Tate
A major exhibition of Canadian Art over the last quarter century is to be seen at the Tate Gallery in London until March 22. In front of *The Auto-da-Fé of Don Carlos* by Harold Town —one of the notable exhibits—are, from the left: Dr Charles Comfort, Director of the National Gallery of Canada; Dr R. H. Hubbard, Curator of the Canadian Gallery and Mr Joyce Wykes

NEWS SUMMARY

Britain and France decide to build a Channel Tunnel; President Johnson gets tough with segregationists; More British scientists going to America

230 **INTERNATIONAL**

The Australian destroyer *Voyager* sank off the coast of New South Wales on Monday after being in collision with the Australian aircraft-carrier *Melbourne*, flagship of the Australian fleet. In Canberra later that day a Navy spokesman said: " There are casualties. We are still determining how many." The *Voyager* had 300 men aboard and the *Melbourne* about 1,000.

After more than 80 years of talk about the Channel Tunnel, Britain and France are at last getting down to preparations for building it. The cost—between £160 million and £170 million—will be shared by the two countries but, as Mr Marples told the House of Commons, no decision has yet been taken about how the money is to be raised.

The Tunnel, a project that has been urged by the Channel Tunnel Company since 1881, promises cheap fares and a service of fast trains carrying cars and passengers. Many problems have to be overcome before building can start and the Tunnel is not expected to be ready for service until the end of 1970.

Early last week the US Coast Guard seized four fishing vessels off the Dry Tortugas Islands in the Caribbean. Two of the men on board were reported to have been granted political asylum; the remainder were charged with fishing illegally in Florida waters. Havana's angry reaction was to cut off the water supply of 2 million gallons a day from the Yateras River to the US Naval Base at Guantanamo, established by treaty on the south-east coast of the island. The US forces there have sufficient water reserves but the water cut will remain, Dr Castro says. until the Cuban fishermen are released. Cuba's trade in buses from Britain was defended by Mr Butler, the Foreign Secretary. He said that economic warfare was not right in peace time. Industrial vehicles have also been ordered by Cuba from France.

UNITED STATES

President Johnson's get-tougher-with-the-segregationists policy is yielding results. One of them was the climb-down last weekend of the Mayor of Notasulsa, Alabama, after a two-day defiance of a Federal Court order admitting six Negro children to the local high school. In Washington it is believed that the mayor's decision to accept the order was the result of direct pressure from the White House.

The President is also believed to have issued two edicts on racialism—one to Southern State governors asking them to use all their powers to prevent integration riots when the school year begins in September, the other to the heads of Government departments in Washington, ordering them to make sure that Negroes on their staffs are not denied promotion and requiring them not to stay at an hotel or attend a meeting where segregation is in force.

GREAT BRITAIN

Eleven more British scientists are leaving for America. They are Professor Ian Bush, 35-year-old Professor of Physiology at Birmingham University, and ten members of the Birmingham team that has been working with him on research into the treatment of mental diseases by chemical drugs.

The Professor, who is to take up an appointment at the Worcester Foundation in Massachusetts, is the third head of a university science department to leave for America in recent years.

In announcing Professor Bush's impending departure, Sir Robert Aitken, Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University, passed the problem of the " brain-drain " to Mr Quintin Hogg who on April 1 takes up his new post of Secretary of State for Education and Science, with two Ministers to help him, one of whom will be Sir Edward Boyle, the present Minister of Education. Said Sir Robert: " The Government will no doubt notice the example of Professor Bush. It is symptomatic of the situation we are faced with where able people cannot find the resources they feel they need. We must have stronger financial support from the University Grants Committee."

At the meeting of the Church Assembly at Westminster last week, there was overwhelming approval for the Vestures of Ministers measure. This measure, to make legal the use of Vestments in the Church of England, now goes to Parliament for assent.

Last Monday London Transport Board announced that the 3d London bus and Underground fare will be increased to 4d on March 1.

AFRICA

The post-mortem conference on the East African mutinies was due to open at Dar-es-Salaam on Wednesday, with 28 foreign ministers attending under the aegis of the African Unity Organisation. President Nyerere of Tanganyika was expected to have to defend his liberal system of government against attacks from Ghana. Farther north in Africa, heavy fighting flared last week in the Haud area between the Somali Republic and Ethiopia. The Emperor of Ethiopia appealed for an emergency session of the council of the African Unity Organisation. President Abdulla Osman of Somalia was thought likely to ask the USSR to accelerate arms delivery and its training programme for Somali cadets. Half Somalia's ministers were not in Mogadishu when the crisis arose. In preparation for general elections they were miles away in the bush. Mogadishu was the Chinese Prime Minister's last port of call in his seven-week tour of African countries.

In Kenya, Tom Mboya described the unemployment situation as " desperate." The Government has asked all commercial companies to increase their employment of unskilled labour by 10 per cent. Further reports have been received of the massacre of Tutsis in Rwanda. Over 6,000 refugees have fled to the neighbouring Kingdom of Burundi. The position there has been referred to the UN High Commissioner for Refugees.

The South African Government last Friday denied facilities for the five-member group of experts appointed by the UN Secretary-General to investigate apartheid. U Thant arrived in Tunis last Tuesday on his tour of Africa. He had already visited Algiers.

In Northern Rhodesia, the new Prime Minister, Mr Kaunda, said he would welcome British troops in any action against Southern Rhodesia, should the latter declare independence unilaterally. In Salisbury, the Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister, Mr Field, changed his mind on the time limit by which the colony must obtain independence. He said that the British Government had agreed that Southern Rhodesia should not be referred to as a colony.

FAR EAST

The new regime in South Vietnam, recognised by Britain two weeks ago, has been undergoing changes. While Major-General Nguyen Khanh, who seized power in the recent coup, has named himself as Premier, the man he ousted, General Duong Van Minh, gets the figurehead title of Chief of State. The Khanh Government, which includes four generals and 13 civilians, is believed to be uneasy about its popularity with the Army and General Minh's new appointment is seen as an effort to improve this.

In Bangkok negotiations between Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines to restore normal relations took a slightly more hopeful turn with a declaration from the Indonesian delegates that they were always ready to accept Malaysia, although not in its present " neo-colonial " form. They also denied that Indonesia had declared its intention to " crush Malaysia." This, it was explained, was due to a faulty translation of the Indonesian word *ganja* which means " chew " not " crush."

Meanwhile, British-managed rubber, copra and tea estates in Java and North Sumatra were placed under the direct control of the Indonesian Government. Nobody explained whether this was an attempt to " chew " or " crush " British " neo-colonialism."

MIDDLE EAST

The formation of a National Iraq Oil Company was announced at the weekend by Dr Abdul Aziz Wattari, the Iraq Minister for Oil. With a capital of £25 million, the new company will have the right to operate in all parts of Iraq where other companies are not now working and its profits will be divided equally with the Government. It will also be able to establish other companies in which Arab and other countries may take part. Foreign oil companies operating in Iraq, added Dr Wattari, would have to accept the new company and if they tried to create problems he was ready to face them.

In Aden, the Chief Justice, Mr R. L. Le Gallais, stated that there was no evidence that the slightest degree of physical violence had been used against any British subject detained under the emergency which the South Arabian Federal Government imposed after the bomb incident at Aden airport in December. Sir Kennedy Travaskis, the British High Commissioner for Aden and the South Arabian Protectorate, had asked the Chief Justice to investigate allegations of unjustifiable or brutal treatment against the detainees who now number 23. They are housed at Al Ittihad, the federal capital, about 10 miles north-west of Aden.

This is the time of year in many places throughout Europe when famous festivals and carnivals take place. Carnivals from all over the world were represented in this year's annual carnival at Viareggio, Italy. The float above, drawn by tractor through the crowded streets of the seaboard township, portrays the Munich Beer Festival. Topped by a smiling Bavarian belle, the giant, gaudy edifice is a monument to the enjoyment of beer

CARNIVAL TIME IN EUROPE

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

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The Queen, followed by Prince Andrew, is greeted at Liverpool Street on her return from Sandringham, Norfolk

232 **Mr Wilson's image**

The latest poll gives Labour a 7½ per cent. lead over the Tories. As leader of a party, Mr Wilson's image grows and Sir Alec's declines among the chosen cross-section. I am bound to agree that Mr Wilson on TV handled a group of financiers and industrialists with very remarkable adroitness, clarity and persuasiveness when they criticised his finance and taxation policies. His performance could scarcely have been improved on. Of course, it was all very civilised and polite. His grillers reserved their grilling for their City luncheon clubs, but must have admitted that Mr Wilson knew his stuff and never hesitated for a word. I don't think Sir Alec under similar conditions would have improved his own image. Mr Butler perhaps on his own subjects might reveal as much familiarity with his theme, but the effect would be more lulling than persuasive. That Mr Wilson was able to dispense with bromide on such a subject was a remarkable tribute to his powers. It is rare that one of these staged Confrontations of Statesmen with their critics can be commended as convincing, instructive or even amusing. Usually they are no more than propaganda shadow-boxing. But the Stock Exchange clearly thought that Mr Wilson's "sweet reasonableness" was more convincing and instructive than amusing. However, the polls may tell a different story in four or five months (for I never believed in a March election), and by midsummer, Sir Alec may well have found a part which suits him to a T and boosts his image sky-high. The waverers may yet come to the conclusion that slickness is "not enough" and that overconfidence must be penalised.

A test of sincerity

"We shall not hesitate to proceed with measures, however unpopular, which we believe to be in the national interest." In some such words, Tory leaders have often assured the faithful of their determination to lead the nation along the straight road. There is a current rumour that Mr Maudling may be contemplating an effective tax on betting and gambling in his April Budget. I wonder. It would not be popular with a majority. So far, an "Inquiry" has spent a year considering the possibilities and is soon to issue its report. We know a good deal about the hold which gambling has on the nation today. We know the proportion of workers' wages which weekly goes down the drain. We see on all sides gambling establishments and "plant" taking over less dangerous and futile recreations and we have been supplied with the breathtaking "turnover" of a year's gambling. The present taxation system is half-hearted and inequitable. No honest mind can contend that gambling on its present scale throughout the country is a good thing, or that the rewards of those who promote it should be so easily gained and held, or that the prizes of those who are lucky should not contribute handsomely to the national good. Because an effective and comprehensive system of taxing a national evil is generally unpopular, governments have usually fallen back on the complex difficulties of devising a scheme and collecting the harvest. The wizard draughtsmen who have built up the existing complexities of income tax and super tax assessment and collection, with all their innumerable subsidiaries, should be capable of devising a more realistic and profitable system for taxing gambling, and one less like a Torquemada crossword puzzle. But will they be invited to do so—in Election Year?

"Shabby tigers"

Ralph Hodgson no doubt helped to "ring the bells of Heaven" in his pleas to release animals in captivity. The bell ropes have been pulled again in letters to *The Times* recently urging the abolition of the zoo. It has served its turn. Founded for scientific studies of animals, it is now argued that zoos are not effective for such purposes. Such books as Moorehead's *Overcrowded Ark* have pointed to a better way. People are now "more humane" and no longer can tolerate the sight of a golden eagle in close confinement, or a shabby tiger pacing its cell. "More humane" is perhaps a controversial generalisation. The RSPCA might contradict it and the wardens of National Parks in Africa laugh it out of court. For my part, I should like to see the end of zoos. I know no more depressing peep-shows. But I fancy that zoos will outlive even our hereditary House of Lords. Before the captive animals all get their freedom, much time and money must be spent on "rehabilitation" and only a small percentage would respond to it and learn to stand on their own legs in freedom in a harsh competitive world. It would cost a deal of money to set up all over the world "half-way freedom camps" controlled by expert wardens to equip the prisoners for a life in the wild. Grey squirrels needed no "half-way freedom camps." They quickly adjusted themselves. No, I fear the zoos will continue for many decades ahead, but perhaps on reduced scales. The nations might one day agree on a measure to outlaw the taking of animals for captivity. At the moment, international agreements on any subject are *rarae aves*, and the tendency is rather to capture vanishing specimens and confine them for their bare survival. The bells of Heaven will not ring out as Ralph Hodgson wished as the result of "a letter to *The Times*," I fear; and wild animals will continue to be victimised for commercial ends in zoos and nature reserves in the foreseeable future—until the phrase "more humane" has become a reality—even in the towns and villages of civilised Britain.

Young Liberals' bright ideas

The young Liberals will meet in conclave at Harrogate in March to put forward bright ideas of reform when their turn comes to govern. At the moment the "appointed date" for them and their reforms remains the Greek Kalends. South Kensington will propose the translation of Westminster and the seat of Government to the North of England to arrest the drift to the south-east. Runcorn would abolish county councils and replace them with regional governments. Wrexham proposes that the Second Chamber in the transplanted parliament shall be elected for seven years on proportional representation, but Willesden would prefer it to be elected by the Lower House. Another proposal envisages "youth juries" in Juvenile Courts, though (I supposed) most

Left: At the RAF station, Wittering, a close-up view of the Mark 2 Victor V-Bomber which made its first public appearance recently. Ground crews are handling a Blue Steel air-to-surface missile the Victor is designed to carry

Below: Before making a speech at Bury, Lancashire, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the Prime Minister, watches a ring spinner at work in the Victor Mill, Stalybridge in Cheshire. Sir Alec was on a tour of the North West of England

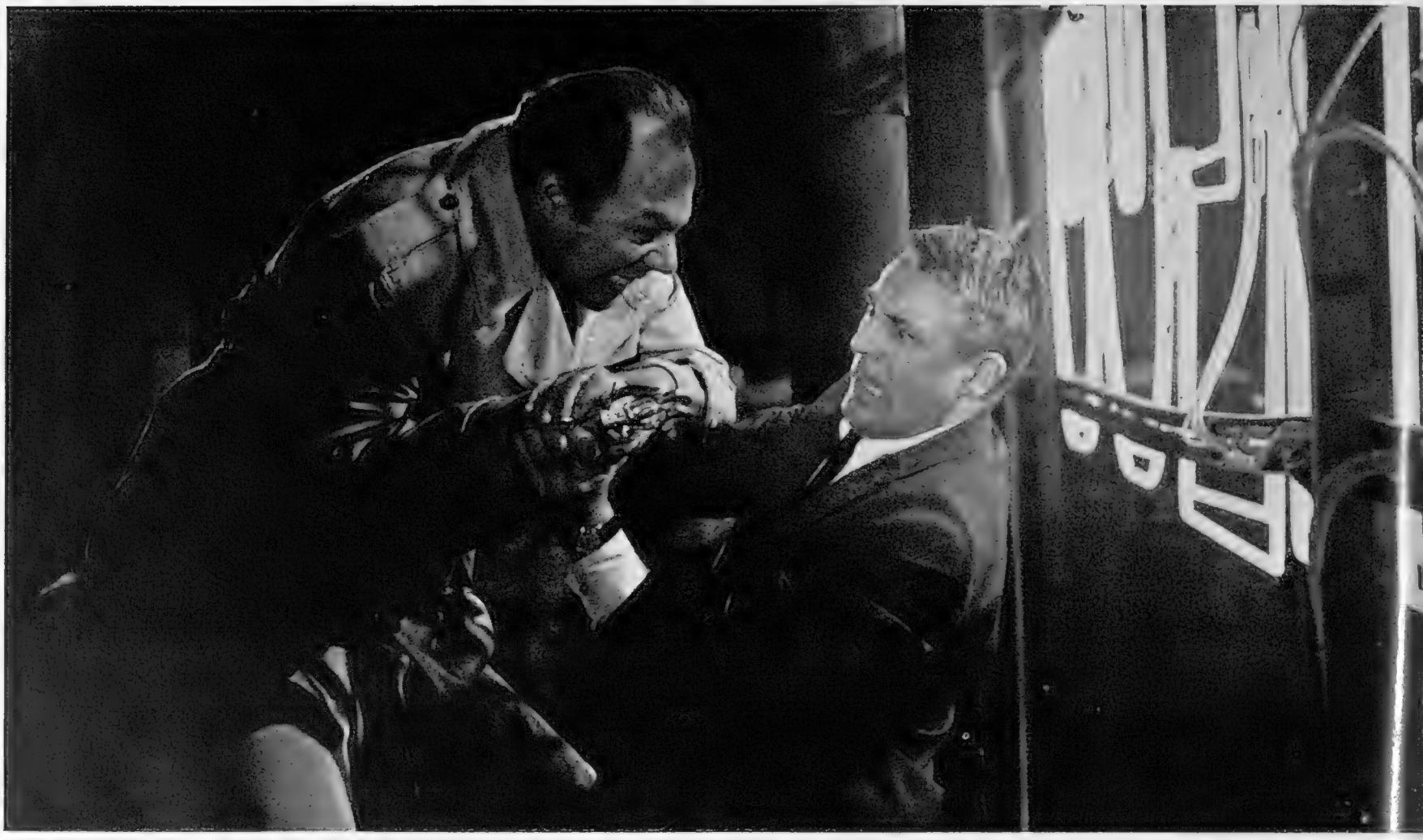
of the Juvenile Court's business does not call for juries. Panels of teenage advisers, perhaps, granted leave from school. All these are substantial, far-reaching reforms which show that in the grand old party trunk, the sap is rising. Before any of their reforms are on the Statute book, these young Liberals will be middle-aged or old Liberals, but hopeful Liberals still. If "forty years on" some of those who meet at Harrogate in March, ruefully admit that " We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us," that is no reason why a good time should not be had by all at Harrogate which caters for the distresses of old age and the dreams of youth. As vote-catchers in the 1964 Election, I doubt whether any of the proposed reforms will improve the Liberals' chances.

Hope springs eternal

All through last February, hope rose and fell that the bitter weather which had continued since Boxing Day would relent, but every hint of thaw was soon contradicted by renewed snow and frost. This year we have been let off very lightly. January proved the driest, foggiest, mildest and least sunny January for decades. Birds are singing and spring flowers blooming and the local prophets forecast a fine summer. It is early days for optimism, but human memory is short. Bookings for summer holidays in the West Country are 60 per cent. up on last year's, we are told. Perhaps you went West last year and remember the conditions on the roads and in the seaside resorts of Devon and Cornwall. *The Old Stager*

Right: On the north bank of the Thames, looking west, work is seen in progress on the Blackfriars Underpass scheme. Designed to alleviate traffic congestion near Blackfriars Bridge, the scheme will link Victoria Embankment with Queen Victoria Street

MURDER (AND MONEY) HUNT



After a rooftop chase, hero Cary Grant and villain George Kennedy grapple grimly high above a Paris street. Kennedy's sinister claw-hand is a legacy of war service

Audrey Hepburn, wearing clothes by Givenchy, gives Reggie a typical elegance

Stanley Donen's new comedy *Charade* starts with a man falling to his death from a train that is speeding across the French countryside. Hardly hilarious, but the mixture of grimness with gaiety is an old tradition of the cinema, dating at least from the salad days of Alfred Hitchcock, and in *Charade* Mr Donen shows that he has learned a trick or two from the old master.

The film opens at the Leicester Square Theatre next Thursday. It has Cary Grant, one of Hollywood's great indestructibles, as the somewhat mysterious Peter Joshua who helps a girl named Reggie (short for Regina) to discover the truth about the murder of her husband and also to track down 250,000 lost dollars in which the police and a gang of toughs, led by a nasty-looking type with a claw-hand, seem unduly interested. Reggie is played by the enchanting Audrey Hepburn which makes Mr Grant's efforts on her behalf entirely understandable.

Suspecting Peter's motives, Reggie follows him through the back streets of Paris

At the Chez Moustache bistro, Irma (Shirley MacLaine) dances the twist on a billiard table to celebrate the arrival of her rich but strange new customer, Lord X

Irma (seated left) and her fellow streetwalkers are arrested by Nestor (Jack Lemmon)

Irma is puzzled by the mysterious Lord X who is not like her usual clients

SHIRLEY AS IRMA

Watching Shirley MacLaine is, for most of us, a favourite pro-American activity. That she plays a French girl in *Irma La Douce* is beside the point. Miss MacLaine, perhaps Hollywood's cleverest young actress, gives Irma a suitable touch of Parisienne sparkle and yet manages to remain her lovable, all-American-girlish self.

The tender tale of Irma, the sweetest-natured streetwalker in Paris (which many London playgoers will remember with affection) gets a more sardonic treatment in the film version which opened at the Carlton, Haymarket this week and was directed by the mercurial Billy Wilder. Jack Lemmon is the adoring young man (the film makes him a policeman) who becomes Irma's protector and then disguises himself as Lord X, a wealthy client who monopolises her time,

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

236 **NEW ZEALAND**

A Tunnel links city and port

The new road tunnel between Christchurch and Lyttelton may well be regarded as one of New Zealand's most important transport projects. The opening of the tunnel this month will give quick road access between Lyttelton, principal port of the South Island, and Christchurch, the Island's main city.

This will be New Zealand's longest road tunnel. Parallel to an existing rail tunnel, it pierces the Port Hills which form a barrier between port and city, and eliminates the present route by the tortuous road over the top. The two-lane tunnel, which with installations will cost about £2·5 million, will benefit the whole of New Zealand, for it will remove a serious and costly blockage in the country's transport system. Completion of the tunnel reduces the road distance between Christchurch and Lyttelton from 12 miles, including the winding crossing of Evans Pass, to an almost level journey of seven miles.

The tunnel itself is approximately 6,500 ft. in length. The portal at the Lyttelton end is close to the wharves. On the Christchurch side the portal is at Heathcote, five miles from the centre of the city. Heathcote, formerly known as Ferrymead, is where New Zealand's first railway began operating 100 years ago.

Tunnel or a canal ? The old controversy

In New Zealand's pioneer days, access between Christchurch and its port was either by way of the Bridle Path, over the Port Hills, or by sea via Sumner and the estuary of the Heathcote and Avon Rivers. A single-track rail tunnel, a little over 1½ miles long, was opened in 1867. This served admirably for many years, but as traffic increased, the need for extra facilities became more pressing and the alternatives of a canal or a further tunnel became the subject of considerable argument.

In 1919, an Australian firm offered to construct a road tunnel but the scheme lapsed and from then on there were bursts of public enthusiasm in favour of a road tunnel scheme, followed by long periods of inactivity. The Port and City League was formed in 1922 with its prime object the promotion of the road tunnel. Then, in 1937, a conference representative of 28 public bodies was convened by the then Prime Minister, the late Rt. Hon. M. J. Savage. A strong recommendation for the construction of a tunnel was made, but this came to nothing when the war stopped all but essential services. In 1943, another conference, representing 19 public bodies, constituted itself into the "Tunnel Road Promotion Committee."

A definite step took place the next year when the late Hon. R. Semple, Minister of Works, met deputations from the Tunnel Road Committee and from a Canal League that had been formed. He considered that the canal scheme had no hope of success, whereas he was very favourably impressed with the road tunnel idea.

With this official support, the road tunnel scheme started to make slow progress. In June, 1949, an official notification in the *New Zealand Gazette* authorised the construction of a motorway as a tunnel road. This was followed, in 1952, by a survey defining the limits of the land required. In October, 1952 the *Christchurch-Lyttelton Road Tunnel Bill* was passed. This provided for a seven-man authority to construct and control the tunnel road. In November of that year this authority, with the late Mr W. S. McGibbon as chairman, superseded the old Tunnel Road Promotion Committee.

The design of the tunnel and approaches was carried out by the Ministry of Works as consultant to the Authority. Various proposals were considered, and much thought was given to items such as ventilation, before the design was completed. A drilling programme was carried out in the portal area to locate bedrock.

Closely related to the completed road tunnel project is a £3·5 million harbour enlargement programme at Lyttelton. The tunnel road gives quick access to 41 acres of reclamation and 2,000 feet of new linear berthage there. Lyttelton has been the only main port in New Zealand, but without adequate road access to its wharves and sheds for handling and sorting cargo on its waterfront, serious congestion has become more and more frequent. Over the past 20 years, coastal cargo tonnage has increased by 125 per cent., overseas tonnage by 90 per cent. and overall tonnage by 104 per cent.—this is the growth of business which has given the tunnel its enormous value.

CEYLON

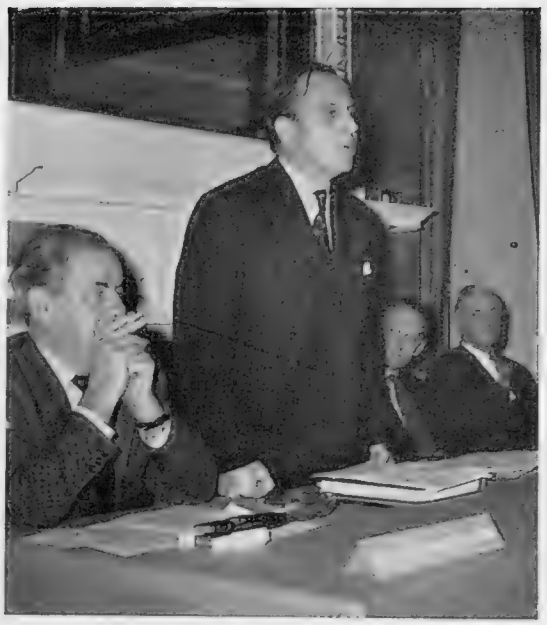
Independence Day in London

The 16th Anniversary of Ceylon's Independence was celebrated in London in a full nine-day programme of events: a service at St. Paul's Cathedral; a concert and exhibition of paintings at The Commonwealth Institute; talks on Ceylon; a demonstration of Ceylon cookery at the Ceylon Tea Centre. And at the Royal Commonwealth Society, Dr G. P. Malalasekera, the High Commissioner, delivered a lecture on " Ceylon—the Modern Phase."

In a message to all those attending a Gala Concert for Independence Day at St. James's Palace, the Prime Minister of Ceylon, Mrs Bandaranaike, thanked the Queen for allowing the concert to be held at St. James's. " We in Ceylon," she said, " regard it as a further gesture of the goodwill and friendship that has always existed between our two countries." The same feelings were also expressed in the lines written by the Poet Laureate, John Masefield, read on the same evening to the assembly at St. James's:

> Whatever destinies the futures weave,
> Surely, the setters-forth upon new ways.
> Begin in hope, encouraged by men's praise,
> Their blessings, and their wishes for success.
>
> May the new Nation from its Faiths receive
> Wisdom for guidance under earthly stress,
> And come, in gladnesses of righteousness,
> To honour in the world, and happy days.
>
> May I offer these, with my best wishes to
> your Country, on her setting-forth thus?

Right: Rehearsing their dance for the Gala Concert held at St. James's Palace, London, for Ceylon's Independence Day are Anura (drummer) and Jotiya



Above: The Director-General of the Commonwealth Arts Festival, Mr Ian Hunter, at a Press conference in London. On his right is Sir William Williams, a Director

Right: Lord Balfour of Inchrye, Chairman of the Festival Society Ltd.

Left: An aerial view of Lyttelton Harbour, New Zealand, with Christchurch in the background

Below: Built in Hong Kong by the Housing Authority, these 20-storey blocks provide homes for 43,300 people

COMMONWEALTH ARTS

Steps towards the 1965 festival

The planning of the Commonwealth Arts Festival takes a further step forward with the departure this weekend of the Festival's Director-General on a tour of Commonwealth countries. Mr Ian Hunter is to visit eight Commonwealth countries over the next three months to muster support for this great enterprise. He will be auditioning artists, negotiating with governments and " fitting together the jigsaw of what must be a highly original Festival programme."

Although the idea of an arts festival in Britain for Commonwealth countries has been in the air since 1956, it was not until recently that official support had been obtained for it. And there is still a colossal task of administrative work to be done, largely by the Director-General, before it finally comes into reality. Outline plans for the Festival are now well advanced; the date is fixed for September 12 to October 2, 1965. The Commonwealth Arts Festival Society with an Advisory Council presided over by the Duke of Edinburgh has been formed. The British Government has promised to be a guarantor of the Festival up to £80,000; the London County Council up to £50,000. But the intricate programme of concerts, plays, ballets, exhibitions and films has yet to be arranged. This is the purpose of Mr Hunter's tour.

Some highlights of the Festival are beginning to emerge. The Royal Academy, for example, has agreed in principle to an exhibition in Burlington House of *Treasures of the Commonwealth*. The Festival events will take place in three national centres: Cardiff, Glasgow and Liverpool, but the main centre will be on the South Bank of the Thames in the reconstructed Royal Festival Hall, first used for the Festival of Britain in 1951. On the river, floating pavilions will be moored bearing displays of the more popular arts and crafts of the Commonwealth. Besides these hints as to what the Festival will be like, Mr Hunter has also made public plans for two conferences, one in Liverpool on music, the other in London on young architects, to which Commonwealth teachers and scholars will be invited.

The far-flung nature of the Commonwealth and the wide variety of its cultures offer a unique challenge to the organisers of this Festival, the first of its kind to be held. Mr Hunter has already had more experience of arts in the Commonwealth than many impresarios. He was Advisor to a Canadian Arts Committee in 1966 and Advisor to the Committee that established the Adelaide Festival of Arts in 1960. In 1961, he was Director of the East-West Music Encounter in Tokyo where he was closely associated with Indian artists taking part.

India is one of the eight countries Mr Hunter is to visit on his tour. The others are Pakistan, Ceylon, New Zealand, Australia, Malaysia, Fiji and Canada. In the autumn of this year he is to make a further tour, of Africa and the West Indies. In all the Commonwealth countries he visits Mr Hunter's mission will require all the support it can be given.

MEN AND MONOLITHS

by Elisabeth Parry, with photographs taken by the author and Sidney Nowill

The Anatolian plateau stretches south from Ankara at an average height of 3,000 ft., brown and parched in mid-summer, snow-covered in winter, and carpeted with flowers for a brief glory in May. Our small party, known as the 1963 Taurus Expedition, and led by Sidney Nowill, of the Alpine Club, a British business man who lives in Istanbul, was on its way south to climb and collect flowers in the Ala Dag Taurus mountains. As one drives along a surprisingly good road, the ranges of the Ala Dag and the Hassan Dag rise to the left and ahead, their snows shimmering insubstantially above the mirages of the plateau.

Suddenly one is translated into a strange lunar landscape of silver-white limestone known as tufa, eroded into fantastic monoliths and cones, sometimes arrayed in solemn ranks, sometimes capped with weird projections like great beaks; mile upon mile of pinnacles intersected by small fields of white, dusty earth where vines and fruit trees flourish under patient irrigation. It is the background of an Italian primitive, severe and geometric in its outlines of square mud-house and linear cultivation, only broken here and there by the soaring stem of a minaret.

As one drives among the cones of rock, one finds that they are riddled with openings, hollowed out and honeycombed from top to bottom like bee-hives. For here in what we now know as the Valley of the Troglodytes, which used to be Cappadocia, outpost of the Holy Roman Empire, the early Christians built up a monastic civilisation which was constantly harried by Persians and Arabs during the first millenium.

Over 365 churches have been found, some of them just one small chamber filling a rock cone, others in the great monoliths more elaborate, with pillars, arched entrances and carved stairways. Nearly all contain interesting frescoes. Most of these have been desecrated by the Turks who, in accordance with their faith, have tried to obliterate the eyes and faces of the figures; but apart from this the paintings are often extremely well-preserved.

The upper rooms of this strange civilisation are reached sometimes by vertical shafts in which hand- and foot-holds have been cut, sometimes by dizzy outside staircases carved in the soft tufa. Great chock-stones can still be seen, poised ready to roll into place to block the galleries against enemy attack. In the big room at the foot of Göreme monolith, there are a refectory table, benches and an abbot's chair, all carved out of the living rock.

The Christians were finally driven out by the Seljuks in 1074, and eventually the valley became the home of Turkish peasants who built their mosques with the characteristic Anatolian ciborium-shaped minaret among the churches, and moved into the rock dwellings. In many places they built mud houses against the rock, and still live a semi-troglodytic existence. In others, like the beautiful and dramatic Çavusin, where the great flake of tufa with its innumerable *continued on page 240*

Above: The mountaineering party meet a group of nomads in the Ala Dag Taurus mountains. In the background are the traditional round tents of the nomads, laid over walls of stones

Top: Outside a deserted troglodyte village in the Valley of Zive a mounted shepherd boy pauses on his way to tend his herd

Right: Looking like a fairy tale castle, the Göreme monolith, approached by an entrance stairway, contains a church hewn out of the rock, its walls covered with well-preserved frescoes dating from the 6th to 10th centuries and illustrating scenes from the life of Christ and stories of the Saints. The style is early Byzantine

MEN AND MONOLITHS *continued from page 239*

240 chambers is rapidly disintegrating, the Government is evacuating the reluctant inhabitants and resettling them in modern bungalows. Fortunately these are grouped in estates near the town of Avanos, leaving the valley itself unspoilt. Many of the cones are now used to store lemons and the delicious local dry white wine (price 1s 6d a bottle).

The big monoliths of Ortahisar and Göreme and Kale may be climbed by the athletic tourist with a good head for heights. Enthusiastic local guides abound, some of them official. A charming lad who took us to a beautiful and remote part of the valley called Zive was the proud possessor of a diploma in English (rudimentary) and Courtesy to Tourists!

At Ürgüp there is an excellent modern hotel, the Tüsan, where the bedrooms have private baths, and where there is a pleasant terrace. And at Ortahisar there is an inn, Turkish style, for the adventurous, the impecunious, and those in search of local colour. Here our party had a room with four beds in it for a ridiculously small sum, and I hasten to add that we were not eaten alive.

The Valley of the Troglodytes may now be reached easily from Istanbul. An overnight train with inexpensive but comfortable second-class sleepers and dining accommodation takes one to Kayseri, the Caesarea of the Bible, a fascinating old town well worth a visit. Here the Tourist Hotel near the station is adequate if one wishes to stay for a day or two. And from the hotel jeeps can be hired to drive one to Ürgüp or Ortahisar.

As one drives into the Valley of the Troglodytes the scenes are Biblical in their simplicity. Flocks of black and white goats and long-eared sheep stray among the ruins; the children shyly offer green walnuts and handfuls of wild flowers; the women, veiled and trousered, follow tiny donkeys on which their menfolk ride, bearded and patriarchal. At sunrise and sunset the limestone cliffs and the cones turn peach and amber. And in the distance the snow-capped Ergyas—Mount Argeaus of old—broods over the valley, remote and majestic.

The more adventurous *continued on page 242*

Above: Pointed at the sky like a giant thumb, the big monolith of Ortahisar is surrounded by a modern village with its mosque, its mainly flat-roofed houses and its vines and fruit trees

Left: At Çavuşin, a rapidly disintegrating troglodyte township, a little girl, out walking with her brother, offers flowers to visitors

Top right: These eroded tufa cones contain rock dwellings, once lived in by a monastic community. Now some of them are occupied by Turkish families whom the government is trying to move out because of the danger from falling rock

Right: Wearing their best clothes, a family of Çamardi villagers pose for a picture on the roof of their stable—much larger than the house behind. Although the men wear Western costume, the women still cling to the traditional Moslem veil

MEN AND MONOLITHS *continued from page 241*

242 traveller may be well repaid by a bus trip from Kayseri to the small township of Çamardi at the foot of the Ala Dag Taurus mountains.

This very beautiful range of limestone peaks averages 12,000 ft. in height, and in May and June is snow-covered, with a rich and interesting flora on its lower slopes. During the summer the mountains are alive with the sound of bells and the piping of shepherds, for this is the home of the nomadic and semi-nomadic people who bring their flocks to the high pastures for the months of June, July and August.

They arrive in picturesque caravans of slow-padding camels and tiny donkeys, and the occasional surprisingly well-bred Arab horse, the property of one of the chiefs. Their tents, low and round, are laid over retaining walls of loose stones. The men, alas, wear shoddy European clothes, but the women still wear the vast trousers, often brilliantly coloured, and the veil, although they no longer always hold the latter over their faces. They spin endlessly, bundles of raw wool over the left arm, spindles twirling from the right hand, and they knit socks and scarves in a coarse stocking-stitch much as we do.

During our stay we were the guests of one chief whose hospitality was exemplary. A religious man, who had been on pilgrimage to Mecca, he prayed five times a day, and his discussions with our leader Sidney Nowill were mainly on religious topics. He seemed amazed to find that we too believed in God and were not utter barbarians.

Although very poor, most of the chiefs will invite strangers to drink ayran, a mixture of yoghourt and cold water, and a refusal gives grave offence. Their food consists almost entirely of milk products and bread which they beat out on stones into flaps very like the Indian chupatty. They pay a yearly tax per leg of beast for grazing rights, so the foreign camper should avoid using their traditional sites, to which they are legally entitled.

There is no hotel in Çamardi, but donkeys may be hired, and anyone who is not afraid of a night or two in the open air can sleep out in any one of a hundred beautiful sites. The local inhabitants know where all the pure water springs are to be found; and the village can supply bread, fresh vegetables, cheese, yoghourt, sugar, tea, and other necessities.

To the botanist and flower-lover, this area is a paradise. To the mountaineer it offers untold opportunities to climb virgin summits and splendid Dolomitic rock walls. And for the traveller it is rich in local colour.

There are only two hazards; the fierce Anatolian sheepdogs and the depredations of goats, which will eat anything they can find on a camp site, and which suffer from the insatiable curiosity of Kipling's Elephant's child.

Top right : Snow caps the summit of Ergyas, the 13,000-ft. extinct volcano (crater on left) which broods over the Valley of the Troglodytes—and over the town of Kayseri, the Romans' Caesarea
Right: Men and boys riding, women walking, a party of nomads cross a plain 5,000 ft. above sea level on their way to their hot-weather pastures in the mountains. The plain—snow-covered for six months of the year—yields a rich crop of apples and cherries in summer

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SELLING, THE HARD WAY

With everything but the kitchen sink, he cries his wares—a pre-war picture of a street trader in Devon

Not long ago I watched a man in a midland *gaff*—a gaff is a market or a fair; a gaffer, a market-master or a fairground superintendent—selling chamber-pots. A somewhat unrewarding occupation, you might think. But this man was selling them; like hot-cakes. He was a mounted pitcher—that is, a *grafter*, who talks and demonstrates from the top of his stall high above the crowd. (Grafter, by the way, is the term applied to anyone who works a line, no matter what, in a market or a fair.) He made the fullest possible use of his position, a clear voice, and a wonderful line in sales patter. Holding a chamber-pot high above his head—and he was already high above the crowd—he would extol its virtues in really funny, down-to-earth, but never coarse, language. He was careful never to call them anything else other than chamber-pots and to tell his audience why: he did not approve of slang or coarse terms for such an essential piece of furniture, and by the time he had finished you realised just how essential a piece of furniture it was. Sometimes he would look intently, and in silence, at one for a moment or two, then hand it back with the remark that it would do in so-and-so (a nearby town), but not here: here he was dealing with cultured people. In a few minutes that chamber-pot would be up again: and sold. And when he had sold them all (as I feel sure he did), he started on plates, cups, whole dinner services.

Few of those people can really have wanted chamber-pots. That man sold them on his personality and an intimate knowledge of crowd psychology, and nothing else. He was in no sense a specialist in china. He was there to sell: he had to sell to live. A few weeks later I saw the same man in a gaff in the West Country selling stockings. He had an ordinary pitch this time, down among the crowd, and an equally earthy line of patter. And he was selling them as quickly as he could pick them up. All fully guaranteed: "if you don't like 'em, bring 'em back, and I'll fit a new pair myself." I had been watching a born salesman: a great artist.

There is an old fairground saying: "once a grafter always a grafter." There is more than a grain of truth in this, but it is not wholly true. I know, because I have worked on fairgrounds and in markets—indeed, I have been President of the British Fairground Society. I started by "building a hedge"—that is, drawing a crowd—for a man with a *fly pitch* (a pitch held for no more than a few minutes) in Salisbury. I knew nothing about it. But he assured me that it was easy. All I had to do was shout, and he'd pay me for shouting. It really is astonishingly difficult to shout in an open market when you are not accustomed to shouting. But I had a hedge round him in time: and he did pay me. I have also worked the *tick-off* (fortune-telling): a comparatively simple business, if you are interested in people, and have the right sort of face. I have not the right sort of face. And once I acted as *barker* to a *kie show* (a wild beast show) in Barnstaple. (A barker is the man who stands outside a show on a fairground, addresses the crowd and persuades them to enter.) The proprietor thought that my Oxford accent, so-called, would be a great asset. In fact, what you need is a very loud voice and leather lungs. I was hoarse in half-an-hour and held the job for just the one night.

But, if it is not quite true that "once a grafter, always a grafter," it is true that fairground and market get into your blood, that the fascination never leaves you. Which is why I stopped to watch that man selling chamber-pots. And I am sure that it is true that you can be no good on a fairground or in a market if you do not know people and have not all the self-confidence in the world. As one of the best of all grafters once said to me: "You don't want to know what you're selling, boy, you want to know who you're selling to."

It is an important point. It is often thought that all the people who work the fairgrounds and the markets are swindlers, that all the people who go to them are fools. Neither is true. I think that it is broadly true that those who buy in markets believe that they are saving money, getting bargains (and sometimes they are), but it certainly is not true that because they believe this they are fools: and it most certainly is not true that the grafter is a swindler. The swindlers soon run out of markets. The grafter is there to sell: to sell something that he knows little, if anything, about to people he does not know from Adam. And he has to do this in the open, where everyone can see and hear: a very different matter from the door-to-door salesmanship which is sometimes not far removed from intimidation. Obviously, he gets as much as he can for his goods; for he is either in business on his own or working on commission. There is no question of salary. The grafter has got to know instinctively or learn by cruel experience, just how far he can go not only with his price-cutting, but also with his sales story: shock the women once and you're finished for the day. The grafter is the prime example of private enterprise at its most efficient.

Seeing the modern commercial traveller—smart car, smart suit—going round the shops, selling to customers he knows, selling branded goods which they virtually must have, makes me wonder. This is not salesmanship in market terms. This is booking orders. And when I hear the politicians saying that we must export to live, that we must sell abroad to be able to import from abroad, and then hear that we have failed to sell such-and-such a wonderful aeroplane or whatever, I wonder all the more. I wonder if the man who sold chamber-pots in that grimy midland town would have failed. That is silly, of course. And I know it is silly. All the same, if that salesman had had to sell chamber-pots or patent corn cures or nylons in the open market, sell them by sheer force of personality, I wonder if the result would have been the same. You think that silly too? I am not so sure. I think that it would be an excellent thing if our export salesmen had to have a course in the open markets of Britain, selling the impossible on commission only.

MIDDLE EAST TOUR BY SYLVIE NICKELS

244 Since mentioning a few weeks ago that the best and only true way of getting to know the Nile was by travelling on it, I hear the opportunities for doing so next autumn will be greater than ever. Two floating hotels from Germany, in the same style as the latest Rhine cruisers (complete with swimming pool), will join the existing Nile pleasure fleet and, incidentally, ease the accommodation problem. The Hilton empire, too, is likely to expand to Luxor and Aswan in the near future.

Luxor has its tombs and temples; Aswan its High Dam and, beyond it, the famous scattered temples of Nubia. Cairo has its Pyramids and the fantastic hotch-potch of cultures, creeds and colour. All three share the Nile. Between them they tend to overshadow the fact that Egypt also has a coast—two coasts, in fact—lined with sandy beaches.

Alexandria may lack the exotic confusion of Cairo and the timeless quality of upper Egypt but, for all that, its coast is a fine place on which to ponder the bewildering complexities of Egypt's past (and I defy anyone to return from there unbefuddled by the Pharaohs). It is also well suited to the favourite occupation of soaking in the sun, intermingled with a little gentle sightseeing.

The clock has moved forward here, and it is the Greeks and Romans who have left their mark. Chief of them is the misleadingly named Pompey's column which was actually raised in honour of Emperor Diocletian; the underground library, and the catacombs of Kom al-Shoqafa. Most of the finds are to be seen in the Graeco-Roman museum, which proves to be not "just another museum" but a place full of surprises. They include a delightful collection of figurines from the Roman period, some of which would not have looked out of place in a Victorian drawing room. A certain bath in black basalt would equally not appear amiss in a modern bathroom, except for the granite lid which transformed it into a sarcophagus.

A few miles east of Alexandria lies the Montazah Palace, its crenellated silhouette rising extravagantly above the date palms. There is a casino here, and the palace itself presents a rather depressing collection of the possessions of its former Royal occupants; even the calendar stays open at the date on which the Farouk era ended. But the grounds are magnificent, and there is good bathing.

A string of beaches line Alexandria's Corniche road to the east of the city, and there are more to the west. Agami beach, about 12 miles away, is a vast stretch of sand where the hotels are beginning to put in an appearance. The Agami Palace is one, the Hanoville another, with seaside conditions par excellence, especially if you like a vigorous sea, for the Mediterranean in these parts can thunder in a quite surprising manner. Follow the coastal road farther and you will eventually come to Alamein and, nearly 200 miles from Alexandria, Mersa Matruh, where Cleopatra, who was nobody's fool, had her own pavilion and private bathing beach.

Egypt's other riviera is on the Red Sea, where the possibilities for fishing and bathing

The Nile seen from the New Cataract Hotel, Aswan. On the far left is the tomb of the Aga Khan

are quite outstanding and only await the completion of projected hotels. Red Sea centres are at Ain Sukhana, Ras Gharib and Hurghada (tourist cottages), the first about 120 miles from Cairo, the last about 400 miles.

A few hundred miles away, Jordan also has its own Red Sea resort at the tip of the Gulf of Aqaba. Here, on Jordan's only outlet to the sea, a brand new tourist centre is being born, and already the new tropical-style Aqaba Beach Hotel is proving its popularity. The eventual plan is to create an entire resort city on the edge of the waters which are famed for their fishing and coral reefs.

Up to now, Aqaba has been rather the Cinderella of the Holy Land, since it lies four hours by road from Amman and an hour or more farther from the main Biblical sites which lie north of the capital. This tourist development, however, plus the twice-weekly air link with Amman (1 hour) should make it an idyllic spot for relaxation once the sightseeing is over. There is the additional attraction, too, for travellers by road of visiting Petra on the way south from Amman —a visit which can be done in a good deal more comfort now that the government rest house has opened near the entrance to the mystery rose-red city.

Another rest house has opened at the outstanding Roman site of Jerash, and a total of seven should be ready by the end of the year, with four more projected at other strategic sites, including Bethlehem and Jericho. These are great steps in the drive to meet the needs of visitors for whom there is otherwise no lack of attractions. And there are other developments. This spring, Intercontinental launch their Mount of Olives Hotel in Jerusalem. Later this year it will be joined by

The harbour at Byblos, Lebanon, with the remains of th

another hotel, the St. George, thus doubling the city's tourist capacity.

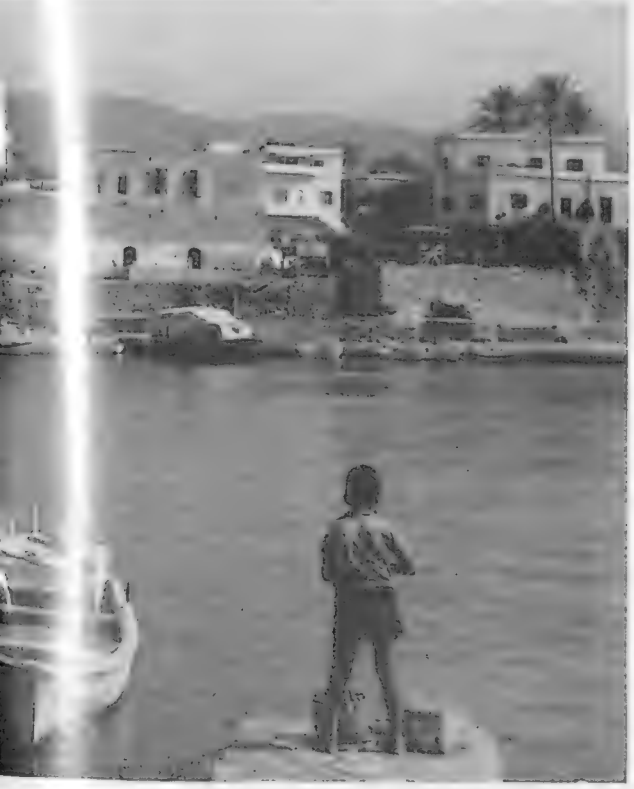
Neighbouring Lebanon already has its Intercontinental Hotel, the Phoenicia, in Beirut, and very good it is too. But the problem in Lebanon is not so much one of raising the standards, as reducing the prices somewhat to cater for a wider public.

One of the pleasantest recent developments is at Byblos, 25 miles north of Beirut, which happily continues to escape the attention of the skyscraper builders. Instead, Pepe Abed, a gentleman of some imagination, has created the Byblos Fishing Club just by the harbour

FLYING WEIGHT

One of the most difficult problems facing the traveller these days is how to keep his suitcase below the free weight allowed for tourist passengers, 44 lb., and for first class passengers, 66 lb., when travelling by air. Having packed what appear to be the minimum necessities, the bathroom scales reveal too often an extra 5 lb., which, unless you are prepared to pay for excess luggage, means re-packing, with an essential suit left behind, or what is more tragic, a dress or two and some shoes. The little booklet, therefore, issued by Israel Airlines, El Al, will be found indispensable. Every item of men's and women's summer and winter wear is listed with the approximate weight in kilos and pounds. I am delighted to think that I can pack two suits, two pairs of trousers, six shirts, two sweaters, one jacket, six ties, five handkerchiefs, six pairs of socks, one raincoat, two pairs of gloves, three pairs of shoes, five sets of underwear, two pairs of pyjamas, one dressing gown, one pair of slippers and one shaving kit all in one case, and the weight will not exceed 44 lb. This may be on the optimistic side, but it shows you what can be done without any of usual guesswork. This little booklet, which appropriately is in the shape of a suitcase, can be obtained from any travel agent, on request.

The new jet aircraft, the Trident, which BEA are bringing into operation for the first time this summer on certain European routes such as London to Basle, Geneva and Zurich, will provide very speedy access to many business and holiday centres, with no flight likely to take more than two hours. The three Rolls-Royce by-pass jets give speeds up to 606 m.p.h. Flying times from London to Geneva will be 80 minutes, from London to Zurich 85 minutes, London to Frankfurt 75 minutes, and London to Nice 100 minutes. Since the engines are in the rear, with nearly all passenger seats forward of them, sound will be reduced to the very low level associated with Caravelle aircraft. The cabin is exceptionally wide, giving the kind of seat comfort more often to be found on long-distance aircraft. Eighty to 88 passengers will be carried, and with two large passenger doors and, what is even more important, with easy access to the luggage hold, queueing to get off or on should be eliminated, and waiting time in the lounge for baggage to arrive cut down. What is probably the most interesting feature of the Trident is that right from the start it has been designed to carry the equipment necessary for fully automatic blind approaches and landings. This, when it fully comes into operation in 1970, although it will be introduced in stages before-hand, will certainly help to ensure very punctual arrivals. **W.D.C.C.**



usader Castle

The paved and partially arcaded Forum at Jerash in Jordan

under the stern eye of the Crusader Castle, transforming a row of ancient cow barns out of all recognition for the purpose. It is all splendidly in keeping with the surroundings. Accommodation in new chalets or converted fishermen's houses is also available (full board from about £2 5s a day), and I hear he plans a bamboo village near Byblos. He also runs the new Bacchus restaurant in Beirut.

A new motel project under way just off the Beirut-Byblos road, overlooking Tabarja Beach, is also designed to offer moderate-price accommodation in well-equipped bungalows with all the trimmings, including night club. Up in the mountains near Beirut, a tourist centre is being developed at Beit Mery. Much-needed accommodation is planned near Sidon, and this should attract some people away from Beirut which, for all its glamour, is by no means the beginning and end of Lebanon.

Finally, about 40 miles north of the city, an unusual hamlet sits on a hill looking out to the Mediterranean. No hotels, night spots or sophistication here, but great beauty and peace in which the Basbous brothers have created a sculptors' centre. Their works dot the rural surroundings, but the focal point is the garden of their home where not only are the sculptures displayed, but an open air theatre draws a big attendance to its annual performances. This year the Shakespeare anniversary will be celebrated here, too, with performances in English, French, Arabic and Armenian.

For further information: United Arab Tourist Information Centre, 62A Piccadilly, London, W.1; Jordan Tourism Authority, and National Council of Tourism in Lebanon, 47 Reeves Mews, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1.

Articles on the Middle East appeared in the following 1963 issues of *The Sphere*: Egypt, October 12, Jordan, November 23; Lebanon, September 14.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

246 **Holidays Among the Russians** by Dymphna Cusack: Heinemann. 30s, is an end-result of the author's sensible scheme to collect the rouble royalties from her books at source. Five times in six years this Australian writer has been to Russia and while she was there has visited not only Moscow and the larger cities but has spanned the country from the Caspian to the North and from Siberia to Astrakhan. Her object has been a simple one: to come to know the Russian people on terms of direct friendship and in their most natural and varied settings. I must say that her " bag " has been quite a remarkable one and that she has met, talked to and above all listened to, a wide cross-section of people including diplomats and dancers, archaeologists and musicians, students and taxi-drivers and, of course, the harmless, necessary housewife. Miss Cusack, as always, writes with immense verve and liveliness of her encounters, whether in caviar factories or speed boats, and the sum total of her long book is a record of many friendships ending with the phrase: " I made my farewells with the feeling that I was leaving not only friends but a family that had made me one of its own."

Forks and Hope by Elspeth Huxley: Chatto and Windus. 30s. Mrs Huxley has known East Africa since she was a small child, has written about its problems and its beauties as clear-sightedly and as engagingly as anyone I know and has become, naturally enough, an accepted authority on questions concerning its countries. The present book she describes as a notebook based on a visit last year to Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda. As she says herself, writing about modern Africa is like trying to sketch a galloping horse that is out of sight before you have sharpened your pencil and indeed much has happened in the months since she was last there, the most significant events being that all three of these countries have gained their independence. Nevertheless the sense of authentic background that these fresh sketches and entries give one is quite invaluable. In the foreground there are the writer's interviews with such leaders as President Nyerere and behind that the inimitable first hand impressions of a countryside and its people. Mr Jonathan Kingdon has contributed some excellent black and white drawings of African types.

Hugh Kingsmill by Michael Holroyd: Unicorn Press. 30s. This critical biography of a writer who died 15 years ago is both the record of many friendships and an assessment of the writer's work. In his introduction one of his friends, Mr Malcolm Muggeridge, writes that he was " the only human being I have ever known in whose company I never suffered one moment of boredom: whose solid figure I never saw looming up, and whose voice I never once heard, except with unalloyed happiness." Kingsmill was in many ways an exceptional character. He had a lively, intellectual curiosity which never left him and an invincible cheerfulness which cannot always have depended on the circumstances of his life. He had worked on newspapers and been a novelist but it is as a biographer that he reached distinction and in biography that the clarity of his expression, his humour and the subtlety of his mind were most evident.

The Enamelled Wishbone by Robert Henderson: Gollancz. 18s, is a collection of 21 articles or little essays on subjects which have come within the writer's experience. As a New Yorker in two senses of the word, since he is also a member of the staff of that estimable magazine, Mr Henderson writes about his city with an attractive mildness which is not always a characteristic of the Manhattan dweller. He discusses the perennial tearing down and building up on his rocky little island; the business of the non-stopping bus or the quiet domesticity of moving furniture and planting window boxes. During the war he was stationed for some time in England and some of these little pieces recall nights of blackout on country roads near an airfield or chance meetings with rural characters. The pervading mood is of gentle humour and a tendency, never exaggerated, towards fantasy. My own favourite is *The Platform Rocker* in which Mr Henderson explains how he not only has a clear and constant picture of great events such as the Battle of Gettysburg but sees perfectly well what his own vantage point at the time must have been.

The Congo Manuscript by Suzanne Gray: Heinemann. 18s, is a first novel by a new writer of some promise. Her theme is a simple enough one, a love story between two chance-met strangers but it is the setting which lifts it from the banal. Claudia is on her way to Leopoldville to act as hostess to her diplomat brother when her plane crashes but she survives. She has by then met a fellow passenger, Antoine, and begun to fall in love with him, a romance which must suffer long delays through his frequent absences in the bush. Gradually they work out their destiny and in the process this slight but imaginative novel is born. I shall look forward to reading new work by this author.

A Season of Discord by Edward Candy: Gollancz. 18s, is quite a find: a highly perceptive and polished novel about a small group of people all directly or indirectly concerned with the life of a great London hospital. It is not the hospital, however, which dominates the story but the loves

POLITICS AND WAR

Proconsul in Politics by A. M. Gollin: Anthony Blond. 63s.
Monte Cassino by Rudolf Böhlmer: Cassell. 50s.
Dare Call it Treason by Richard M. Watt: Chatto and Windus. 30s.
Cowan's War by Geoffrey Bennett: Collins. 30s.
The Flying Sword by Tom Moulson: Macdonald. 30s.
Precursors of Peter the Great by Zinaida Schakovskoy: Jonathan Cape. 42s.

Mr A. M. Gollin, an American political historian, has in *Proconsul in Politics* produced a massive volume assessing the life and work of Lord Milner, but how he can bring himself to say in one of the last of his judgments, on page 606 to be exact, that there was not a scrap of narrow personal ambition in Lord Milner's make up is surprising to say the least. Ambition, in its many guises, is something surely built-in to every politician, to every governing man, although maybe Milner, with his fierce pride in nation and race, possessed ambition in lesser degree than many. It was as High Commissioner in South Africa during and after the Boer War that Milner made his greatest impact, and the years of rehabilitation after the Treaty of Vereeniging proved what a remarkable administrator he was and what a power he had to attract round him young men of talent and resource who would pave the way for South African prosperity. Later those same gifts were at the service of the Commonwealth when, to quote Lord Hankey, " he became the strongest man in the war cabinet." All in all Lord Milner emerges as a curious and a complicated man; and he remains a figure of extreme controversy. One can well see in Mr Gollin's pages how Milner won to his side ardent friends, men like Lord Lothian and Geoffrey Dawson, and at the same time created for himself bitter and violent enemies. One thing is quite certain; there could be no middle ground where Lord Milner was concerned.

Militarily Monte Cassino could not be ignored by the allies forging their way northward through Italy in the closing years of the Second World War. It was the key to the whole defensive system guarding the route to Rome. In the final count 50,000 casualties, Allied and German, were suffered during the fighting for the position. Rudolf Böhlmer, who commanded a German paratroop combat team in Italy and was responsible for the defence of the monastery, has made a careful study of the battle and now presents the story as it were " from the other side of the hill." His book, especially with its maps and half-forgotten place names, will bring back to the war-time generation vivid memories of those often gruelling and gruesome events of 20 years ago. The early chapters, setting the scene of the Cassino battles, seem to be based largely on the memoirs of politicians and generals of all nations concerned, written of course with the advantage of hindsight; and it is only when we come to Herr Böhlmer's more personal experience that the book gains in importance and interest. Fortunately it sheds also some of the appalling clichés of the opening pages. Let us hope the translater, Lt.-Colonel R. H. Stevens, felt he had no option but to translate on regardless.

Philip Pétain, who went to a dishonoured grave for the events of the Vichy regime in the Second World War, emerges as the unquestioned hero of *Dare Call it Treason*, a factual account of the mutinies in the French Army in 1917, when the French forces collapsed in despair and confusion. How Pétain, with the political aid of Clemenceau, restored France's will to fight is something the world has chosen to half forget, remembering too vividly perhaps what happened when he was a man in his eighties. The description of the mutinies is most realistic, and one can almost feel the roars of the troops, often reeling with drink, as they defied their officers and sought to end the slaughter.

Seldom has a British Admiral had to face such a confused situation as that confronting Rear-Admiral Walter Cowan when, in 1919, he was ordered to take his small force of cruisers and destroyers into the Baltic and aid and abet those who were resisting red aggression in the states bordering that largely land-locked sea. *Cowan's War* is an admirable unravelling of the tangled

and jealousies of two surgeons, their wives and two couples of student doctors and nurses. Mr Candy has felt the influence of Miss Compton Burnett on his writing to what is sometimes an amusing degree but this does not detract from the civilised ease of his dialogue or the compression of force and feeling behind each well-tailored line. A real pleasure to read; even memorable.

He Who Flees the Lion by J. Klein-Haparash: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s. translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. This vast novel has been compared with *Gone With The Wind* and, indeed, it has some of the wide scope of that still popular best-seller. Middle Europe in this case is the background and in particular Rumania, Poland and Austria before the Second World War. The author has seen his picture in depth and shows a full cross-section of the society of the time: its old aristocratic order in their last days of privilege and chivalrous action, its Jews caught in the intimation of horror to come, its uncertain leaders of the communist elite and the people they lead—peasants who through the centuries have learned cunning to survive. There is naturally an immense diversity of interest in a book conceived and written on such a grandiose plan.

A Romance in Lavender by Neil Bell: Alvin Redman. 18s, could scarcely be a more complete contrast with the last book. It is a romantic reconstruction of events perhaps legendary—which took place in July, 1815 when HMS *Bellerophon* was lying three miles off the famous little Devon port of Brixham, with Napoleon Bonaparte on board as a prisoner. Mr Bell admits that history is silent about the episode he describes but he has nevertheless contrived a most agreeable book. **Vernon Fane**

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skein of events by Geoffrey Bennett, who writes with clarity born of his intense delving into British naval archives and Russian sources.

Tom Moulson's *The Flying Sword* is a racy account of No. 601 (County of London) Auxiliary Squadron, one of the first of the weekend air squadrons which, after the fun-loving '20's and '30's, got down to serious business both in the Battle of Britain and in the North African and Italian campaigns. The author served in the squadron for seven years.

Zinaida Schakovskoy who, since her escape from Russia at the time of the Revolution, has had a distinguished literary career, has made an intense study of Russia in the days before Peter the Great's assumption of power, of the rule of his father Tsar Alexis, and of his half sister, the formidable Regent Sophia. *Precursors of Peter the Great* is a revealing book, revealing the miseries and perils of Peter's family and the indignities of his subordinate position as junior tsar. Peter lived under the Regent Sophia from the age of ten, and even then their personalities clashed. But more importantly it shows how his precursors paved the way for Peter's launching of Russia on a new European career. Under Alexis and Sophia indeed Russia was steadily adapting herself to the rhythm of Europe. This book, written by Princess Schakovskoy in French has been translated for the English speaking world by J. Maxwell Brownjohn. **Richard Edmonds**

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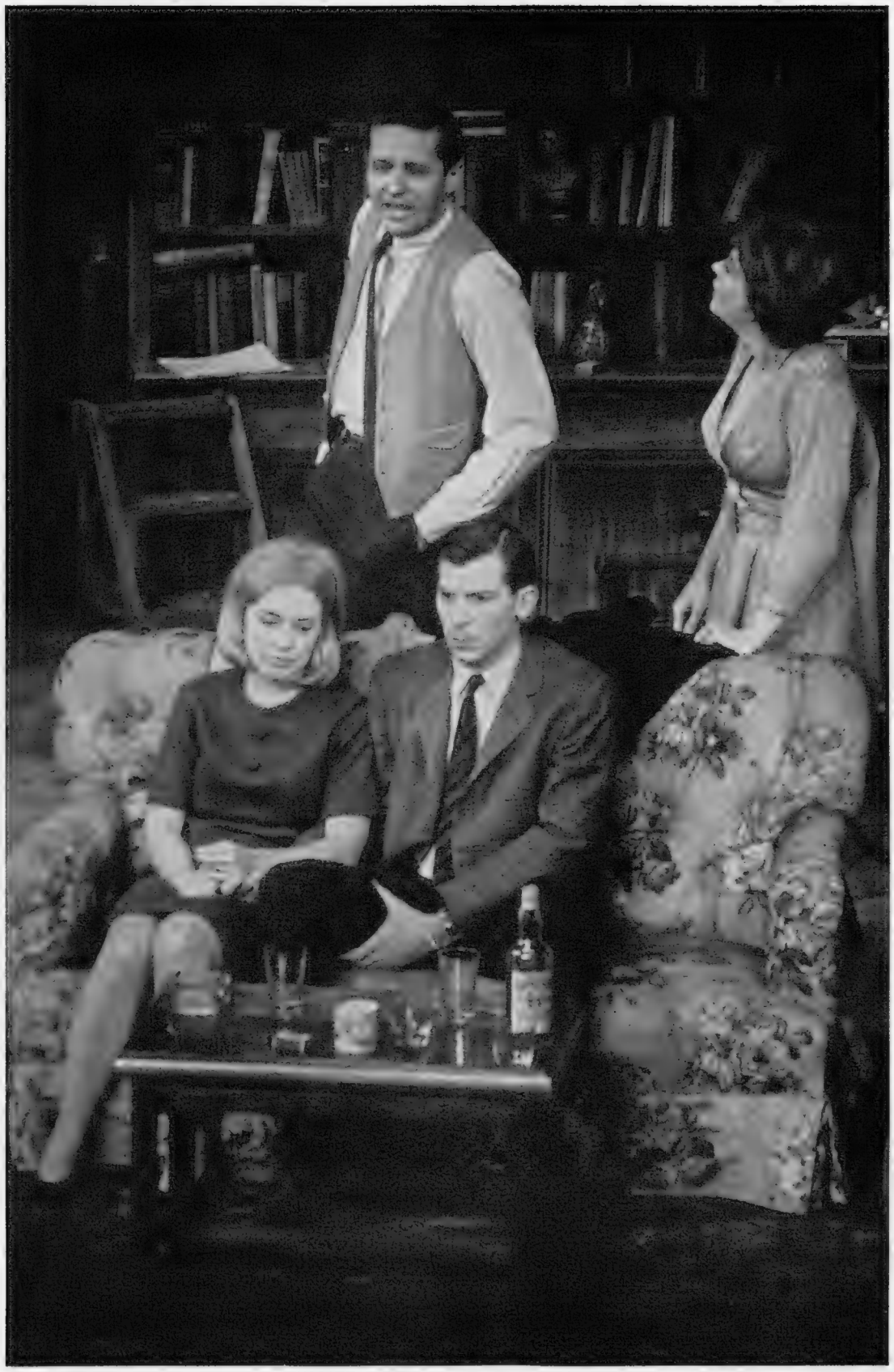


ANTHONY CRICKMAY

THE oddly titled *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, which has just arrived at the Piccadilly Theatre trailing clouds of Broadway glory, is not so much a play as a private war—fought in public. Its young author, Edward Albee, is content with four characters—a middle-aged husband and wife, played by Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen (standing in the picture) and a younger pair (Beverlee McKinsey and Richard Easton), whom the older couple invite to an all-night drinking party.

As the hours and the drinks drag on, the host and hostess, watched by their unwilling guests, indulge in a ferocious verbal clawing match in which they reveal a pitiful fantasy life by arguing about their 20-year-old imaginary son.

The pyrotechnics of the script are matched by the brilliance of the acting and Mr Albee's play seems set for a long stay in London—long enough, anyway, for that awkward title to be reduced to more manageable initials.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **H. S. DICK BROOM**

Mr H. S. Dick Broom was unanimously appointed chairman of Broom & Wade Ltd., of High Wycombe in 1958, on the death of his father, the late Mr Harry Skeet Broom, founder of Broom & Wade Ltd. Now aged 60, Dick Broom was educated at Haileybury and on leaving, started work as an apprentice in the Broom & Wade factory. He passed his Intermediate B.Sc. (Engineering) examination externally and subsequently obtained his degree from the City and Guilds Engineering College, London. He went to the United States and took a short Automotive Service Course with General Motors following which he found employment with companies such as Chevrolet and Cadillac, studying American production methods. On his return from America he spent four months in Brussels studying pneumatic tool production, before being recalled to start up a subsidiary company known as the Chadwick Patent Bearing Company and to develop the pneumatic tool side of Broom & Wades, which has gone from strength to strength. He was awarded the M.B.E. in 1943 for his work as Joint Chief Engineer to the company during the war. In 1949 on the death of S. C. Clay, he became Joint Managing Director of Broom & Wade Ltd. and added to his other responsibilities the direction of the sales policy of the company. In 1953 he was elected President of the British Engineers Association, having for some years represented the British Compressed Air Society and the Federation of Manufacturers Contractors' Plant on their council. Mr Broom used to pilot his own plane just before the war, when he was introducing Broom & Wade Pneumatic Tools to the Aircraft Industry. He then took up yacht racing in which he has had many successes. In 1953 he won the 310-mile Wolf Rock Ocean Yacht race. His recreations are yachting, ski-ing, shooting, tennis and painting. Dick Broom has been three times round the world on behalf of his company in which he has continuously promoted an expanding export business. He left early this week by air for another world trip, visiting overseas subsidiary companies in Australia, New Zealand and Canada, and agents in a number of other countries. His tour will also include India where Broom & Wade products are being manufactured under licence. Mr Broom is married and has three daughters and six grandchildren

ANY OLD IRON?

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

In order to build about 2 million motor vehicles last year, Britain's motor industry and the host of component manufacturers who serve it bought about 2,400,000 tons of steel. Yet the average vehicle they turned out contained in fact, finished and ready for the road, only some 16 cwt. of steel —say 1,600,000 tons for the whole lot. What happened to the odd 800,000 tons? Well, they cut or stamped or machined it off, at one point or another, swept or conveyed it out of the way, baled it up, and sold it—or we hope most of it—back to the steelmakers.

A sizeable proportion of Britain's steel output in any year depends on the offcuts, rejects and swarf that the country's engineering industries fail to make economic use of and have to sell back as scrap iron. (" Scrap iron " is the right phrase. Most of it is steel; but to the steel industry it comes back simply as something comparable with pig-iron, to be melted in a steel-making furnace or converter.) In 1963, for example, roughly 3 million tons of this " process scrap " was charged into the steel melting shops.

That wasn't all the scrap the steel industry used, or even all that it bought. Somewhere about 11·5 million tons of scrap were consumed in 1963. More than half of this never left the steelworks; as the waste in it was " thrown up " in all the steelmakers' own processes, from the topping and tailing of ingots to any losses occurring in rolling the finished steel. That's why " crude steel output " is always nearly a third bigger in tonnage than output of " finished steel; " the one is measured in terms of what comes molten out of the furnace, the other in terms of what goes cold and shaped out of the steelworks gate.

So the steelmakers' " own arisings " account for just over half the scrap they eventually use again. " Bought scrap " supplies the rest: up to two-thirds of it process scrap such as the car makers send back, the rest of it " capital scrap " which consists simply of old machines and other steel structures that are discarded.

All this bought scrap finds it way back to the steel industry through commercial channels. A certain amount of it goes back direct, and the steelmakers make special arrangements to buy and scrap old ships. But for the most part it goes back through the country's thousand or more scrap merchants, ranging from a few very big ones down to quite small firms, not quite at the Steptoe level but not far bigger.

About the only thing that is identical about all these merchants is the schedule of prices that they get for the scrap from the steel industry. There is basically only one price: it is set by agreement between the steelmakers and the scrap merchants. They get their own margin by paying the " scrap creators " somewhat less; there the prices may vary according to the quantities, regularity, and ease of collection. But there isn't much room for haggling. The merchant knows how much he is likely to be able to get for any given grade of scrap anywhere in England. He knows too that unless the steel industry has a lot more scrap than it wants he is unlikely to be able to sell it abroad, since the Government exercises a control over the export of scrap. Only when there is a surplus is he able to sell on the world market; and when there is a surplus he is not likely to be able to get much more for the old iron abroad than he gets under the price agreement at home.

This agreement between steelmakers and scrap merchants sets a maximum price, not a minimum: it holds the price of scrap down, not up. But agreements to fix prices, even downwards, are regarded as at least questionable under British law. So for a good deal of last year, the steel and the scrap businesses were engaged in trying to prove to the Restrictive Practices Court that their agreement was not against, but actually in, the public interest. And last month they succeeded.

This agreement to hold scrap prices low, Mr Justice Mocatta found, had during the last five years held the cost of scrap to the steelmaker significantly lower, on the average, than it would have been without agreement; and hence held the price of British steel lower too. There were times, during two periods of steel recession during these years, when the price of scrap on the Continent fell as low as the price here, but generally it was higher; some £11 9s a ton here against prices ranging up to £18 or so abroad. (In the European Coal-Steel Community, some years ago, there was an attempt to set up price arrangements regarding scrap rather like our own; but it failed.)

The " arrangements " necessitated by a fixed and low price for scrap, though, are necessarily complicated. If the price of one alternative material for steelmaking is held artificially low, there arises an artificial incentive to develop processes that use more of this material and less of others. And the variation is very wide. You can put anything from 25 to 75 per cent. of scrap into an open-hearth furnace, while an ordinary Bessemer converter can't possibly take more than 10 per cent. and may give the best results with much less. (In any Bessemer steelworks, up to recent times, you normally found at least one smallish open-hearth furnace put in simply to consume the scrap the works produces itself.) The new pneumatic oxygen processes that have improved on Bessemer, such as the L-D, the Rotor and the Kaldo, increasingly being installed in British works, can take up to 25-35 per cent. of scrap, or will be able to in a few years of further development. At the other end of the scale, an electric steelworks like the one that Steel Peech and Tozer has put up in Sheffield, uses virtually nothing but scrap.

Given the agreement to hold scrap prices down, which has been operative in one way or another since the late '30's, you might expect British steelmaking technique to be biased unduly towards scrap-consuming processes. Some people would argue that it has been; and certainly about 60 per cent. of Britain's steel is still made in open-hearth furnaces, though some of these operate on a very high proportion of molten pig-iron and though most of the new capacity put in during recent years has tended to use the new pneumatic oxygen processes.

Nevertheless, since the end of the last war the central trade association and supervisory bodies of the steel industry have operated financial arrangements to try to check this disproportion in costs. They charge a levy on scrap used in steelmaking, and give a remission to steelmakers who use pig-iron, the alternative raw material. This is to bring the balance of materials costs between the different processes into a " proper " relationship, considering their technical qualities (for example, cold scrap takes more fuel to convert into steel than pig-iron that's already molten from the blast furnace), and considering too the balance of costs abroad. Whether it always achieves this end is arguable; but most students of it would concede that it reduces the disproportion, and that it has encouraged the steel industry to develop much more blast furnace capacity for making iron than there was, proportionately, at the end of the war.

Whether ideal or not, therefore, these balancing arrangements of the industry, introduced to correct the distortions that arise from a low fixed scrap price, have been tried and not found wanting: the Restrictive Practices Court upheld the scrap price-fixing agreement. The only question left in one's mind is about the actual supply of scrap itself when prices are held so low. It has been calculated, for example, that a steel-using industry that produces as much scrap as the motor makers (few do) might do slightly better financially if it got an increase in the price of scrap to " free market " levels and had to accept a similar increase in the price that it pays for steel.

Nevertheless, no production engineer whom I know would ever think of doing anything but reduce the proportion of scrap his operations throw up as far as he possibly can; they generally like a stable price for scrap rather than a fluctuating one for the purposes of costing production plans. And the scrap merchants were able to produce some evidence that in Britain, in spite of the lower price they offer, they collect a higher proportion of the scrap arising outside steelworks than almost any other major industrial nation. The businessman whose factory produces a lot of scrap doesn't quite say, " I don't want your money; take it away; " but on this one issue, tidiness seems to count for more with him than getting a good price.

Three " Broomwade " WR120 portable rotary air compressors and one mobile plant in use during the reconstruction of the main A4 through Reading to the West Country. See Industrial Air feature on page 250

INDUSTRIAL AIR

250 Air is an invisible ally of industry. Blown from stationary compressors, it provides power for operating tools on production lines and lifting heavy equipment from factory benches or belts. And, blasted lustily from smaller portable compressors, it is the motive force for all kinds of drills—drills for roadworks and rock-quarrying, drills that bore big holes like the recently opened Mont Blanc Tunnel, drills that bore small holes, like those made in your teeth by your dentist.

One of the oldest firms in the air compressor and pneumatic tool field is Broom and Wade Limited. Founded in 1898 by the late Harry Skeet Broom and Jethro Wade, the company has its head office and factory at High Wycombe. Starting from a workshop housed in a 36 ft. by 16 ft. shed, it occupies 13½ acres, employs nearly 2,000 men and has a floor area of 426,000 sq. ft.

It has four overseas companies and agents in more than 100 countries. Last year the High Wycombe factory turned out more than 18,000 compressors, more than 20,000 tools and more than 250,000 pneumatic accessories.

The company has recently purchased a nearby building, formerly used as a War Office vehicle repair depot. This will provide a further 84,000 sq. ft. of office and factory space.

Above: Putting an acoustic cowling on the 5,000th "Broomwade" Mk III compressor unit leaving the factory for delivery to the Amalgamated Dental Company. This unit is designed for use with air-operated dental turbine drills

Top right: Section of the assembly line for the "V" range of stationary air compressors which have gained a high reputation for economic and efficient performance

Right: The heart of Broom and Wade is the foundry at High Wycombe where the activity ranges from moulding to the finished castings. The company has been in the air compressor and pneumatic tool business for 66 years. It has a big export market

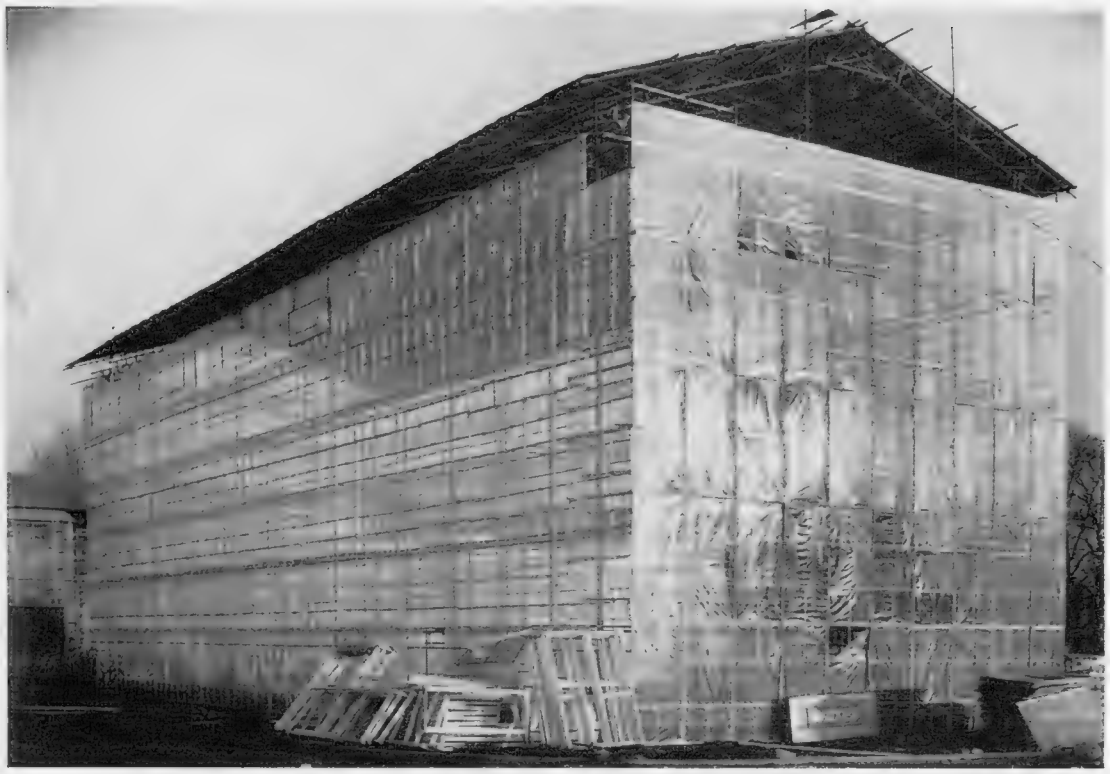
MIDLANDS MATTERS

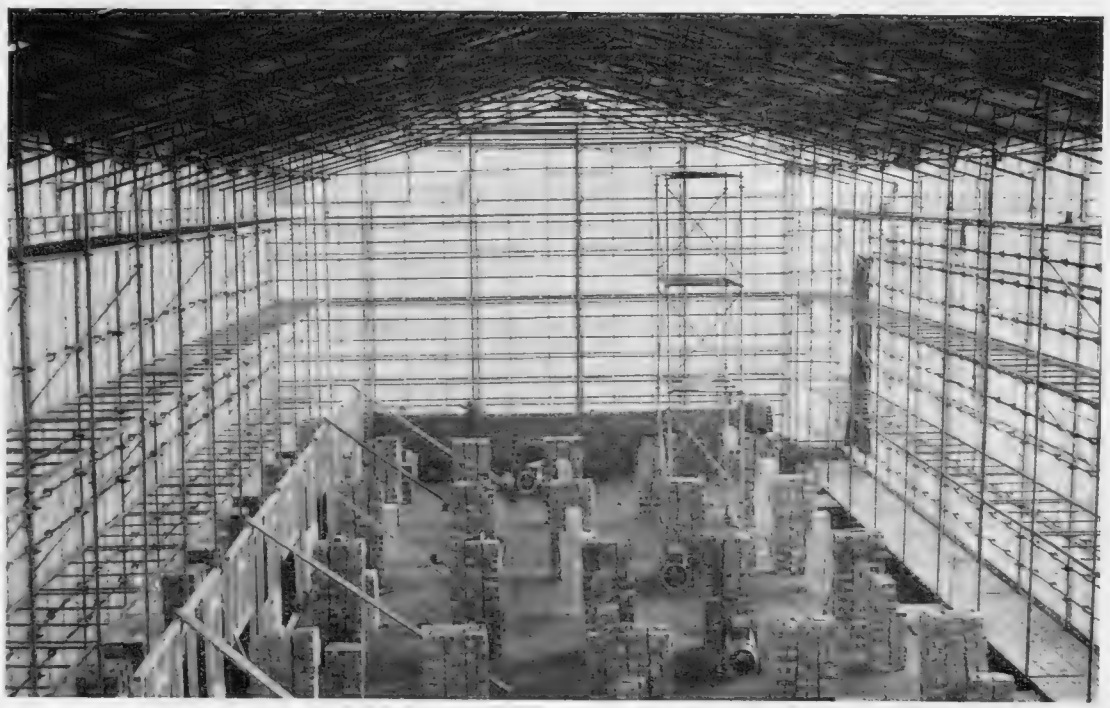
by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

Writing on a mild February day when the temperature in the centre of Birmingham is well into the fifties, last year's icy blasts seem a long way away. But their lesson has been well learned by some industries. I was fascinated the other day to see how one large building contractor has tackled the problems of winter building (a large delegation of builders and Ministry officials, of course, has just been to Sweden to study methods there; it will be interesting to see if their recommendations have any more immediate practical effect).

With last winter's ten-week standstill very firmly in mind, Wates (Midlands) has been applying a technique evolved to defeat rain, snow and frost. So far, not a single man-day has been lost, and when I went to see the scheme in operation I was told that about 14,000 man-days had been saved so far this winter, and the company is recruiting men instead of having to lay them off. Wates, on blocks of multi-storey flats or on office blocks, finds that the use of polythene sheeting for protection, space heating to give warmth to workers, and steam to keep aggregates workable and to help concrete to cure or set, means that work can continue however bitter the outside weather.

On a project cost basis alone, the methods are justified, I gather, but their wider effects in enabling forward planning to go ahead, in keeping the labour force intact in a competitive but still largely paternalistic industry, and in meeting completion dates, are immensely valuable. The whole operation is the result of considerable devotion to thought and planning—the application, in fact, of up-to-date management techniques which are becoming increasingly important in what has traditionally been a thoroughly traditional industry. In fact it is here rather than in new building techniques that most of the top men in the industry in the Midlands see the possibility of further advances, in speed, in cost, in productivity or in quality.





Frederick Parker's order book

The pressure on civil engineering and building contractors as the programme for new and redeveloped cities and roads continues to expand has meant good business for plant and machinery suppliers. Frederick Parker, of Leicester, has just had a record year, and Mr F. W. Parker, the joint managing director, recently reported: "Never before has our order book been so full and the prospects for the future so good." On top of that, the company has new models coming forward to help its progress; concrete and road-making plant and other civil engineering equipment are becoming more sophisticated, with relays, valves and control panels, and more mobile. In these two fields Frederick Parker is among the most advanced suppliers.

Designer and engineer

John Carr Doughty, the Leicester-born head of the knitwear consultancy of that name, who has recently returned from advising the Egyptian Government, combines to an unusual degree the qualities of designer and engineer. His designs of sweaters and other knitwear are internationally known and he reverses the normal procedure by being called in at the design stage by Italian concerns.

Where he scores over many designers is in his capacity to ally designs to the types of machinery which will knit them; he claims to be able to walk down Bond Street and tell you on which kind of machine the knitwear on show has been knitted. He came into prominence just after the war when the War Office was looking for someone to make tartan hosiery for the Highland regiments, soon to dispense with khaki. No Scottish manufacturer could be found to do this and Mr Doughty's organisation stepped into the breach. He was also responsible for developing the well-known Inarsis cashmere knitting, for Bawneen knitwear in Ireland, for heavy-gauge "chunky-knits" and for national surveys in Malta, Portugal and now Egypt.

Westernisation of clothing and machinery is speeding up in Egypt. Traditional Arab robes are cumbersome in handling machines and equipment. Moreover, the Aswan High Dam will cause inundation of some cotton growing areas which will be difficult and costly to replace. Hence Egypt is considering moving away from traditional cotton weaving to knitwear made from man-made fibres and from imported Australian wool. If the experiment is made, it will be followed with great interest by the British hosiery industry—and by Mr Doughty in particular.

Workers building new homes on a site formerly occupied by Hurst Park racecourse are protected from winter's rain, snow and frost by polythene sheeting which, as the top picture shows, gives a Crystal Palace look to the exteriors. The technique has been put into operation by Wates (Midlands)

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

by The Sphere City Correspondent

252 As a warm overcoat in a year of election chills, there is a strong argument in favour of wool. Up round Bradford and Morley and Huddersfield, and farther afield, in Rochdale and Leicester, the mills and the looms and the combs and the cards are going full out, and for the first time in three years the industry is working overtime. After a miserable 1962 and early 1963, even the dourest West Riding chairmen are raising interim dividends, and making forecasts full of confidence and cheer. And although wool, like cotton, is probably not a place to lock up your life-savings indefinitely, for the short-term the yields on the best companies are high, the cover excellent, and the prospects of capital gain in the next few months quite considerable.

The actual retail demand for wool—in clothes, and in carpets, and on several million pairs of busy knitting needles—does not vary very much from year to year. But there are so many different kinds of people involved in producing it that very large cyclic variations build up along the chain. From the finishers to the merchants to the yarn makers to the fleece processors, not to mention the international buyers and the Australian sheep farmers, the chain is a very long one indeed.

At the moment, however, the industry is on the up-swing. Retail clothing is picking up, after two pretty lean years, with a 13 per cent. increase in orders. Exports (representing a third of total output) are booming again—especially tops, the long combed fibres which are rolled into balls and sold to make worsteds. Cheap woollen imports from Italy (based on rags and shoddy and the low-cost cottage labour available round Florence) seem to have been held for the moment, and the big " Buy More British Wool " campaign backed by 550 firms in the trade is working to good effect. Man-made fibres are proving more of a blessing than a threat, as the more enterprising firms learn to handle the various attractive wool-synthetic mixtures, and to ride on the backs of the big publicity campaigns sponsored by producers like Courtaulds, Chemstrand and British Nylon Spinners. And above all, the price of wool itself, which can—and often does—cause disastrous stock losses, even among the biggest and shrewdest firms, appears to be set fair and firm for the rest of 1964.

As far as share ratings are concerned, the three giant " Blue Chips " of the wool world—West Riding Worsteds and Woollens, Parkland Manufacturing, and the Paton and Baldwin end of the Lancashire-Yorkshire-straddling Coats-Paton complex—are probably fully valued for the moment, all yielding around 5 per cent.

But the active and aggressive Illingworth Morris group, which has just paid £4·5 million to add Huddersfield Fine Worsteds and Joshua Hoyle's cotton and rayon business to its growing £17 million stable, still seems a very attractive buy. The chairman has just reported trade " well in excess " of last year, and overtime working expected " for months ahead," and the company is clearly determined to become one of the dozen or so major textile enterprises, which are expected to emerge at the end of the long post-Victorian decline. At 8s the 4s shares yield just under 7 per cent., and cover, if not the dividend itself, should improve sharply by the time next September's figures appear.

Kelsall and Kemp is a much smaller vertically integrated concern on the other side of the Pennines in Rochdale. Their big success in 1963 was with fine spun lightweight cloths, suitable for the new and highly popular " foam-backed " coats and suits which are sweeping the cheaper end of the tailoring market. They also possess as vice-chairman a managing director of Samuel Courtaulds, which is a major subsidiary of the Courtaulds group. So, given that company's unexhausted appetite for buying its trade outlets, a take-over is obviously on the cards. At 50s, to yield a nearly thrice-covered 5·9 per cent., they look an interesting speculation.

One of the most impressive companies recently has been S. Jerome, in suitings, serges, gaberdines and tropical-weight fabrics, with a steady rise in earnings over the last three difficult years. Higher orders, a raised interim, and a valuable trade in the EFTA countries (where declining tariffs will favour British firms) suggest an even better current performance. And although the dividend yield of 4·4 per cent. is one of the lowest available, the earnings cover, of three and a half times, should make a generous pay-out possible in April.

Pool, Lorrimer and Tabberer are worsted spinners, and also manufacturers, with a wide spread of interests in knitting wool, baby clothes, nylon lingerie and expensive men's pullovers. Their record is a good deal patchier than Jerome's but they doubled their interim in November, their clothing performance has lately pulled up its socks (against the industry trend), and it should be possible, when the March results come out to get back to 1960's 10 per cent. dividend. In that case the yield would move to over 7 per cent. and still be twice covered on earnings.

None of these, of course, is immune from the storms which the industry glumly sees ahead, mostly centred over Japan. Half the Japanese wool capacity is still shut down, as a result of their 1958 textile slump, but the machines are all there waiting to be used. Japan is already a bigger customer for Australia's wool than Britain. And now that the main trade barriers keeping the Kyoto competition out have been removed by the Anglo-Japanese Commercial Treaty, Bradford fatalistically feels it is only a matter of time.

The time, however, is not yet. And there is still room to make a little hay—or possibly clip a hank of golden fleece—before Tokyo finally takes over the hounds-tooth, herring-bone and Harris tweed market. And Mr Wilson, a good West Riding man himself, is unlikely to hurt this corner of the economy to any noticeable extent.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

The biennial International Hotel and Catering Exhibition called " Hotelympia " has grown sufficiently to fill five huge halls on three floors at Olympia this year. Progress was noticeable in quantity as well as quality in those of the five halls which were packed with every kind of equipment used in this fast growing industry. The best, often incorporating new, more efficient ideas in cookers for mammoth kitchens, washing up machines, mixers, furniture for bedrooms and restaurants, was on show, clearly indicating the strides which are being made in hotels and industrial catering.

Looking at some of the other sections one felt rather depressed, especially if, perhaps foolishly, one had nurtured hopes of equal progress in the field of food and cooking. It was sad to see on so many stands the emphasis on " ersatz " and " convenience " foods, whose chief merit claimed was cheapness and labour saving, a typical example was the slogan displayed on the stand of one of these manufacturers: " A different cake or pudding each day from the same mix! "

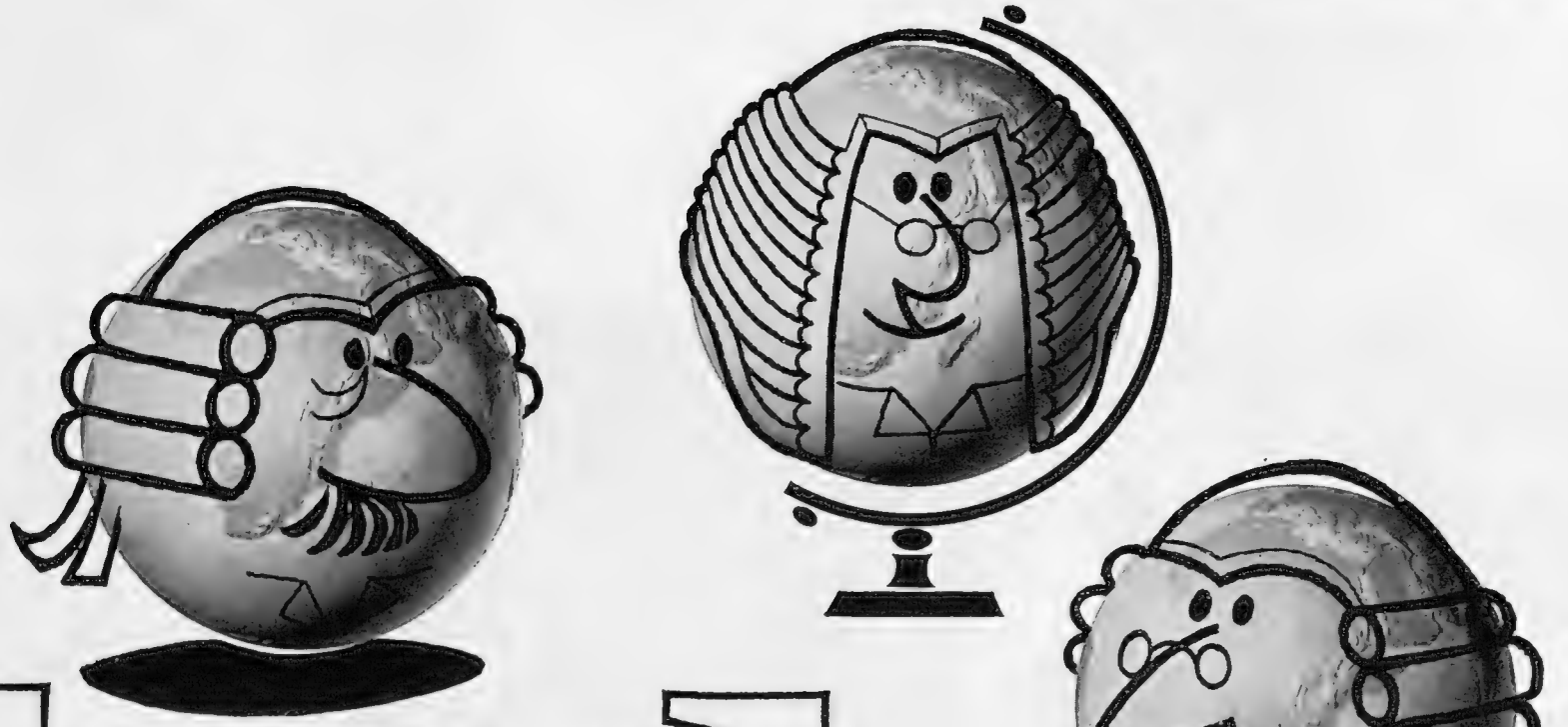
The Salon Culinaire, which should be the great competition to give overall guidance and a progressive lead to our chefs in hotel kitchens everywhere was again a pathetic anachronism. Why cannot our leading chefs, who no doubt were responsible for organising this event, and for setting and judging the competitions, realise the simple fact that food should be presented beautifully for the purpose of making it appetising, and that there cannot possibly be any merit in clever confections which disguise it and try to make it look like something it is not? Or do they really believe that it is an art to make a copy of the Laughing Cavalier in sugar, or to create other monstrosities which look as edible as plaster of Paris? In this respect we are way behind the rest of the world.

Wilton's Oysters re-sited

Wilton's is probably the only restaurant in London's West End where there are no prices on the menu. In the new premises at 27 Bury Street, to which a move has just been made, this old tradition is to continue, and the description of the firm which dates back to 1742 is still " Oyster Purveyors." The new restaurant is charmingly decorated in a most realistic " belle epoque " style, the work of a talented young designer, Adam Pollock. It is a simple menu, based on the simple principle that everything must be the best of its kind: the fish, the meat, the caviar, the smoked salmon, and of course the oysters. To give some indication of prices, these are charged at 36s a dozen. The wine list is in keeping, it is also short, but full of treasures. Strangely, there is not a single white Bordeaux listed.

Sparkle from Alsace

Girls in gay dresses and young men with festive ribbons trailing from their hats wound their way through the tables in the Imperial's dining room in Torquay on the last evening of the Alsatian Gastronomic Weekend. Dancing to the tune of accordions and flutes, they were soon intermingled with the tall white-hatted chefs, who had just then come into the room to receive praise and appreciation from the guests for the magnificent offerings of Alsatian cuisine with which they had been regaled for three days. *continued on page 254*



JUDGMENT IS YOURS

...in this argument. The charge is that South Africa does not practise "multi-racial democracy".

'M'lud, the defence submits that the prosecution has failed to substantiate the charge d that—on the evidence—South Africa has case to answer.'

'ith respect, m'lud, there is indeed a se. South Africa is the only country in e world that differentiates among her ople on the basis of colour. No black an has a say in how the country is run. is the defence has never disputed.'

'No, but we intend to prove that colour, as ch, is irrelevant and that the charge is meangless. First, we should like to know precisely hat "multi-racial democracy" means.'

imple, m'lud. South Africa should exend the franchise to all—thereby creaing a fully democratic society in which neither white nor non-white will domiate. Parliament would be the highest authority in the land and would be universally representative. In it every man would find an equal voice in the party of his choice.'

'In other words, this society should govern itself in the accepted traditions of western democracy?'

'Just so!'

'My learned friend is, of course aware that South Africa is not a utopian island in the Pacific Ocean; but a country of Africa. He must know, therefore, that it is in Africa—not in London—that this policy of "multi-racial democracy" must achieve what it is *meant* to achieve.'

'Of course! But what is the force of this point?'

'Just this; that in all Africa there is *no* "multi-racial democracy", such as my learned friend has so ably defined. In *all* "new" Africa there is no parliament on the Westminster model. There is only a growing series of one-party states, where the voter has a "choice" of only one party.'

'I would remind my learned friend of the expert evidence that some authoritarian form of government is best suited to the needs and problems of the new African nations at this stage.'

'Quite! Far be it from me to suggest that it is either good or bad, right or wrong, for African peoples to govern themselves in this way. What I *am* saying is that this sort of government is, of course, unacceptable to white South Africans whose institutions have always been *western.*'

'But these institutions have been established for well over a century. Of all Africa, South Africa also has the largest number of Europeans or westerners. Now this is surely the best guarantee against dictatorship. It is therefore, precisely in South Africa that democratic multi-racialism has the best chance of success on the whole continent.'

'My learned friend overlooks one vital factor. Those who are now campaigning for the overthrow of the "system" in South Africa speak the language of all "Africanists"—the language of absolute control, of domination by black of white. And these are undoubtedly the people who will take over, if their efforts are successful.'

'But surely my learned friend must know that there *are* African countries in which many Europeans have been content to stay on after independence . . .'

'But *who* are these Europeans? They are expatriate individuals whose home is in Europe. They pose no threat to new-found nationalism, for they neither have nor desire a *real* share in the government of the country. All they do is sell their services to the new state. They can always return whence they came. Many are in fact doing so.'

'But if some Europeans could settle down happily, why not the South Africans? Why should *they* not yield to black nationalism?'

'Because they are not expatriate Europeans. They have their own nationalism—the *first* of all the African nationalisms.'

'My learned friend surprises me. It has been shown in evidence that it is *nationalism* that has wrecked genuine multi-racialism in Africa. And yet here he is—holding a brief for nationalism . . .'

'With respect, sir, nonsense! All I am saying is that there are at least two nationalisms in South Africa. If one is to be deplored, then so is the other. But *deploring* them does not alter the fact that they both *exist*—in *one* country. If my learned friend has his way, then one will have to yield to the other. And who is to say which should give way? Or is there some new morality that lays down that white should always give way to black—as a matter of course?'

'But how on earth can this impasse be resolved in any other way?'

'In *one* way only—by providing for the separate expression of these two nationalisms. That is precisely what South Africa is doing. And until it has been shown that two nationalisms *can* be peacefully accommodated in a common society, I submit, m'lud, that South Africa has no case to answer—and that the charge is meaningless.'

What do you think? Further information is available from the Department of Information, South Africa House, London, W.C.2.

GOOD LIVING *continued from page 252*

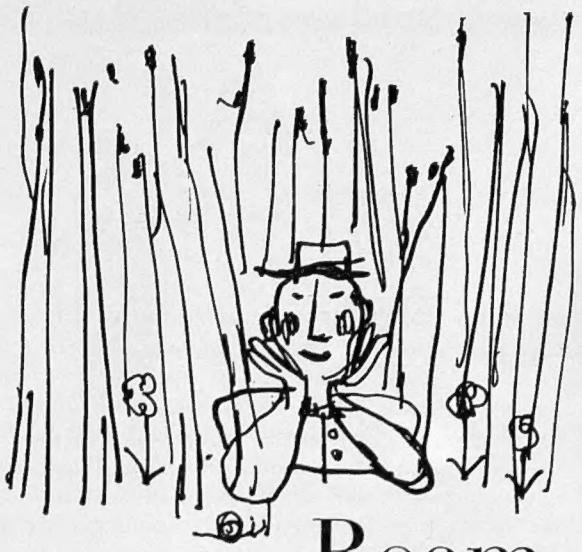
254 The boys and girls were members of "Les Pinaudré," the most famous folkloric group of Alsace, Lorraine and the Vosges, who had been brought to Torquay especially for the occasion by the French Government Tourist Office and French Railways.

Monsieur Pierre Gaertner, chef-patron of the Aux Armes de France at Ammerschwihr and his assistant joined forces with Mr William True, the chef de cuisine of The Imperial and his brigade to present five exquisite meals showing the best of Alsatian cooking; and M Guy Dopff of Dopff and Irion flew with his charming wife in his own plane to give support to his agent in Britain, Mr Peter Reynier. Between them they had been responsible for selecting and supplying the many outstanding wines to fit the various courses. M Gaertner's own speciality, a unique Coq au Vinaigre, was matched with a superb Pinot Gris Selection 1961, and the famous choucroute d'Alsace with one of M Dopff's best Traminers.

Good food and wine generates a happy and gay atmosphere, and the contribution of the French authorities, in the form of bringing Les Pinaudré, distributing many souvenir gifts, and showing charming films, intensified the enjoyment.

The next Gastronomic Weekend at The Imperial starts on February 28, when the superb cooking of the Hotel Euler of Basle, with the best of Swiss wines will be presented.

Top right: The folk-lore group, Les Pinaudré, entertain the guests with some of their songs and dances in the restaurant during the Alsatian Gastronomic Weekend at The Imperial, Torquay **Right:** Two members of Les Pinaudré distribute souvenirs to the guests. Standing beside them are M Gaertner, chef-patron of Aux Armes de France and Mr Michael Chapman, Managing Director of The Imperial. Seated from the left are: Mrs A. H. Pearne; M J. Delacour, General Manager of the French Railways, London; Mme Vilmain; M Georges Anderla, Director of the French Government Tourist Office, London; and Mme M. A. Riefel, Regional Tourist Officer, East France **Bottom:** Town and country in Alsace: (left) the 13th-century Dolder at Riquewehr; (right) after a morning in the vineyards, Alsatian workers break for lunch



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PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

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PAY-AS-YOU-DRIVE

256 The very idea of a " congestion " tax is anathema to most motorists but I really don't think this pay-as-you-drive road pricing should be dismissed out of hand. What many people don't seem to realise is that the advocates of road pricing—men like Mr Gabriel Roth, a civil engineer attached to Cambridge University's Department of Applied Economics—put it forward not as an *addition* to the taxes already paid by motorists (more than £700 million a year) but as a much fairer substitute for a large part of them. " If a congestion tax is imposed in towns," says Mr Roth, " there should be a reduction in fuel tax and in licence duty large enough to make motoring outside congested areas substantially cheaper than it is now."

Road pricing is not being urged, either, in substitution for new or improved roads. On the contrary, its advocates say that a congestion tax would make the building of new urban roads much more worth while. The economists go so far as to state that while road improvement schemes would produce a benefit of only 3 per cent. on capital investment when use of these better roads is restricted by *congestion*, the benefit might be as high as 10 per cent. with restriction by *price*. With the prospect of Britain's motor vehicle population trebling in 20 years or less it is pretty obvious there will always be serious crowding.

There will always be too many drivers of cars and commercial vehicles trying to use urban roads, however modern. The experience of the United States has proved this, especially in places like New York and Los Angeles. Motor vehicles will continue to crowd into cities and towns just as long as there is any room left and just as long as they can keep moving—provided it is not too expensive.

This is where road pricing could come in, possibly to prevent motorists being excluded from city centres altogether. If, by windscreen stickers or meters of one kind or another, motorists had to pay a shilling a mile (with tax reductions in other directions) to use roads in central London where the average speed at present is only 10 m.p.h., the traffic flow, it is argued, would probably be speeded to 13 m.p.h. Motorists to whom time is precious might be glad to pay in this way for greater freedom of movement in towns—providing their motoring on less crowded roads did not cost so much as well.

Lubricated for life

I have been driving a Ford Corsair GT four-door model for 5,000 miles and only now has it had to go in for its first service. This is a car " lubricated for life," with no greasing points at all, and after they have changed its oil my gearbox should—like the back axle—not require any attention, not even another oil change, throughout the car's life.

The interval between engine oil changes has been stretched to 5,000 miles, so anyone who buys a Corsair need not worry much about losing the use of his car during frequent visits to the garage for maintenance. After 5,000 miles of exhilarating motoring in the GT model I have on test, my advice is that you should buy some other make if your idea of fun is crawling under your car with a grease gun, draining the sump and gearbox.

In 5,000 miles the only things that went wrong were my screen washers. The pump packed up completely in the sort of weather which makes you wonder why they don't make screen washers a compulsory fitting on every car; so I was furious, and set about wondering why, when screen washers *are* fitted, they give so much trouble. Mine seem to, at any rate.

The Corsair, I think, is one of the best cars Ford of Britain have ever built and Merseyside can be proud of it, for it is Halewood's first new car. It came out just over four months ago to replace the Classic as Ford's " medium " car and it caters for an expanding section of the car market.

The four-door GT Corsair costs £840, including tax, which is £73 more than the corresponding model in the Cortina range. Its over-square 1,498 c.c. engine, with five-bearing crankshaft, is basically the same as that of the Cortina, but it has high-lift cams, a four-branch exhaust manifold, a twin-choke Weber carburetter and a 9-1 compression ratio. These things combine to give it a top speed of 95 m.p.h. and the ability to move off and get to 60 m.p.h. in 14 seconds. The GT engine develops 78 b.h.p. at 5,200 r.p.m.

It is married to a first-class four-speed, all-synchromesh gearbox, with a nicely placed remote-control lever, which is just as well, because a high overall drive ratio of 3·9 to one, while enabling the Corsair to cruise happily at 80 on suitable roads, makes free use of second and third gears a necessity at speeds below 30 m.p.h. So far, my overall petrol mileage has worked out at 27 to the gallon. Full marks to the servo-assisted disc brakes, the car's impressive quietness, the comfort of the form-hugging bucket seats and the easy way it starts on even the coldest mornings.

Records of a record year

Take a deep breath and get ready to absorb a few figures. Statistics can be dull things but they become exciting when related to the kind of manufacturing and marketing achievements chalked up by the British motor industry in 1963. It was a record year all along the line: for car production, car exports and for the *total* value of the industry's exports (which nearly attained a fantastic £700 million).

Cars came rolling off the assembly lines in Birmingham, Coventry, Dagenham, Luton, Cowley, Halewood, Linwood and other production centres at an average rate of close on 31,000 every *week* to produce the formidable total of 1,608,000. That was a 19 per cent. increase on the previous best year—1960—which was also our best 12 months (until last year) for exports. In 1963 we sold 615,827 cars abroad.

The British Motor Corporation, who make Austin, Morris, Wolseley, MG and Riley models, made the biggest single contribution to the country's overall car output with an estimated production of over 650,000 cars. Next came Ford with more than 450,000, followed by Vauxhall and Rootes (Hillman, Sunbeam, Humber and Singer) more or less dead-heating with around 200,000 each.

Last month the £105 million BMC claimed a current vehicle production rate of 900,000 a year. In a record period of 12 months up to last July the Corporation made close on 750,000 vehicles. It claims a 45 per cent. share of all vehicles sold on the home market and 40 per cent. of all car sales.

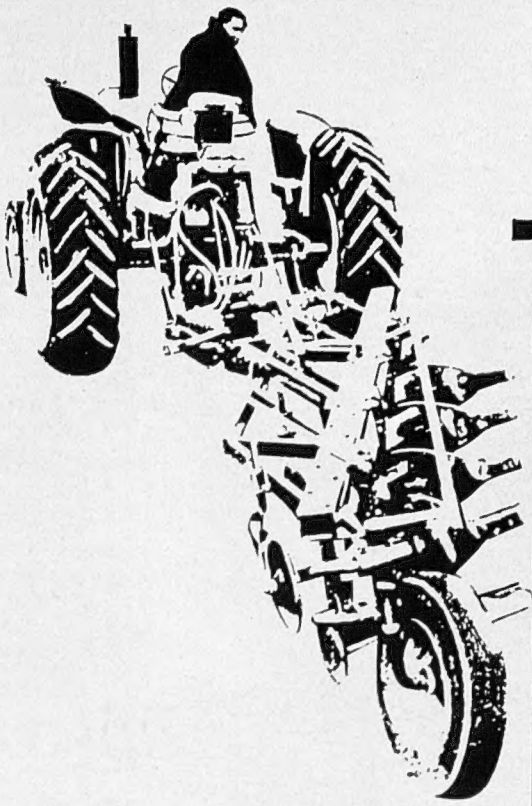
At the end of last summer the Ministry of Transport took its annual census of motor vehicles in use in Britain and found there were in use the surprising total of 11·5 million, including 7·4 million cars, 1·5 million commercial vehicles and 1·75 million motorcycles.

The total shows an increase in 12 months of 900,000 vehicles or 8 per cent., which is an all-time record rise. Publication of these figures —which serve to put a keen edge on talk of road accidents, traffic congestion, urban redevelopment and road pricing—follows the news that last year new car registrations in the UK topped the million mark for the first time.

That total included about 50,000 imported cars: a figure which fell some 7,500 short of that for the record year (1960). Best sellers in the UK among the foreign cars were Volkswagen, Renault and Fiat, followed by NSU, Simca, Volvo, Skoda and Saab.

The Ford Corsair in County Kerry, Ireland. This car is Ford's replacement for the Classic as a medium car. Corsair production is currently 400 a day—57 per cent. for export—and one in every six is a GT model. Corsairs can be fitted—for £82 extra—with an automatic gearbox

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by KELIHER, HUDSON & KEARNS LTD., Hatfields, London, S.E.1. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1964. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York.



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